The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

DEM. CO. COM.

Bellefonte, N. W	C M Bower
" S. W	Patrick Garrety
" W. W	Joseph W Gross
Centre Hall Borough	J W M'Cormick
Howard Borough	M I Gardner
Milesburg Borough	J Willis Weaver
Millheim Borough	C W Harter
Philipsburg, 1st W	J D Ritter
" 2d W	J H Riley
" 3d W	Jackson Gorton
Unionville Borough	L J Bing
Benner	John Mechtley
Boggs, N P	Philip Confer
" W P	T F Adams
" E P	H L Barnhart
College	Daniel Grove
Curtin	T S Delong
Ferguson, E P	John T M'Cormick
" W P	Samuel Harpster Jr
Gregg, S P	Geo B Crawford
" N P	J C Rossman
Haines, E P	J A Bowersox
" W P	C A Weaver
Halfmoon	Wm Bailey
Harris	C C Meyer
Howard	Franklin Dietz
Huston	John Q Miles
Liberty	D W Herring
Marion	Harry McDowell
Miles	J Gramley
Patton	D L Meek
Penn	W F Smith
Potter, N P	B F Arney
" S P	G L Goodheart
Rush, S P	Hugh McCann
" N P	R C Wilcox
Snow Shoe, W P	Patrick Kelly
" " E P	R J Haynes Jr
Spring	J N Brooks
Taylor	Wm T Hoover
Union	Aaron Fahr
Walker	J H McCauley
Worth	Levi Reese

WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

Reports from Ireland indicate that its crops of wheat, barley, oats, potatoes and other farm products are better than they have been for many years. This is cheering news to the poor inhabitants of Ireland and to all their friends.

The Philadelphia Times is doing a good thing i coming down on lawyers on the contingent fee business, taking for its text damages awarded a boy $20,000 for a broken limb. In this case the lawyer kept half. Some lawyers have an astounding maw to keep funds.

The New York Herald says Ex-Mayor Hewitt upon his arrival from Europe remarked that it was a curious thing to see the American Republic preparing to invite other nations to send their products across the ocean when the government was doing all in its power to keep them out by a prohibitory tariff.

Bull's-eye!

Pottstown town council has adopted a resolution that hereafter no person shall be employed on borough work unless he is an American citizen and taxpayer, and no person who fails to pay his honest debts when he is able to do so.

The Pennsylvania railroad company has also adopted a rule to discharge all employes who do not pay their honest debts.

J. C. Meyer was nominated by acclamation, by the Democrats on Tuesday, for re-election as district attorney. Mr. Meyer has filled the office faithfully during the present term and it is but justice that he was accorded the usages of a renomination and on account of his efficiency he deserves a re-election. Having the experience of one term the interests ot the people of our county will be served by his re election.

There is something almost ludicrous in the current reports of train robbing in the West. A few days ago two robbers went through a crowded train, meeting with no resistance except from an unarmed conductor, and a single robber was equally successful. Meanwhile the railroad companies seem to be making no effort whatever to protect their passengers; and as for the State Governments, they do not appear to have any concern in the matter.

T. F. Riley, nominated for associate judge, is one of the most active Democrats of Harris township, and a gentleman of excellent character, who stands high in his own neighborhood. He is a man of intelligence and good sound judgment, and will make a good associate judge for which position he is in every manner qualified. Democrats owe him their united support, because he is a good man and has always been true to the Democracy.

The King of famous Dahomey is dead, and his successor must pr ove before he ascends the throne that he is a brave and great man, the young aspirant is looking around for adventures. At last accounts he had gone hunting for King Tofa of Porto Novo, declaring that nothing less than the head of that potentate would satisfy his ambition. King Tofa was at peace with all the world, but his country is suddenly plunged into terrible commotion simply because his head is wanted across the border in Dahomey. The French are now busily engaged in Porto Novo helping the King keep his head on his shoulders. It is such puerile quarrels as these that are playing the mischief with the West African trade, and keeping a long stretch of the coast in an uproar.

From Johnstown.

The death of Judge Cummin, at Cresson was unexpected to the people of Johnstown, as it had been reported that he was improving.

During Judge Cummin's stay among the people there he made many friends, and they deeply regret his demise. His plan for having the people qualify to their classes met with considerable opposition when he first began his work here, but now everyone admits that his methods were wise and for the best interests of all concerned.

The Board of Inquiry seems now to be determined to finish up its work in the shortest time possible, and a force of clerks are kept at work day and night. The Commissary Department has been very much simplified, only a few clerks are required now to do the necessary work. There are about 700 persons subsisting and they are of a class that are unable to help themselves.

As soon as the widows receive their allowance in money from the Relief Fund they are taken off the list and no further subsistence is furnished them. In such cases, however, rations are furnished to the children of the family, but those who are older are left to take care of themselves. The number of rations is calculated, and instead of furnishing bread, flour is given and the people are required to bake for themselves. Fresh meat is furnished twice a week, and the food is all of good, healthy quality.

Capt. Kuhne says that it will be impossible to reduce the number subsisting from the commissary much below the present number for some time without doing injustice, but as soon as the relief money is all paid out the stock of goods on hand will be closed out and orders given on merchants in town to the few that it will be necessary to subsist.

The Rev. E. F. Flemon, who it will be remembered was arrested at Pittsburg, charged with murder in South Carolina, and handed over to the authorities of that state for trial, has been acquitted, the jury, composed altogether of white men, having found him not guilty.

The colored witnesses who appeared before Gov. Beaver in the interest of Flemon, did not want the governor to honor the requisition of the executive of South Carolina. He will not receive a fair trial, they declared, because the white Democrats of the south are prejudiced against every colored man who votes the Republican ticket. To Gov. Beaver's credit, be it said, he did not permit himself to be swayed by the bloody shirt sentimentality.

Flemon's friends cannot, of course, find fault with the twelve white men who acquitted him, and the only thing that remains for them to do is to denounce the negro who swore that Flemon fired the fatal shot.

The way of the divorce transgressor is sometimes a hard one. Sheriff Flack, of New York, who was recently divorced from his wife by an apparently collusive proceeding of which she had no knowledge—there being a younger and prettier woman in the case—will have to resign his sheriffalty, as he has already resigned, under compulsion, as grand sachem of Tammany Hall. Tammany declared that unless Flack cleared himself fully of the dishonoring charges against him, he would be expelled; thereupon Flack resigned, but without making the slightest explanation or excuse for his conduct toward his wife. The divorce was a judicial scandal; not more so, probably, than many others that attract no attention, but the political prominence of Flack will make an example of him. He will have to give up an office worth $50,000 a year, in which he has two years to serve, and possibly face a criminal prosecution.

Centre county's sheriff may not find this pleasant reading.

Surely the nomination of L. A. Schaeffer for prothonotary, T. F. Riley for associate judge, and J. C. Meyer for district attorney, should meet the approbation of every good citizen, without respect to party. In the important office of prothonotary, in which the people have more business than in any other office, it would be unwisdom to change from eminent fitness to inexperience. For associate judge we can not avoid having a new man, hence a very safe gentleman is presented in the person of T. F. Riley. For district attorney, J. C. Meyer has proven himself very competent during the present term and every voter will recognize the importance of securing his services for another term.

Advices from Zanzibar say Stanley i coming down the coast with Emin Pasha 9,000 men and an enormous quantity of ivory. The exact date of their arrival is uncertain.

The Germans are doing their utmost to create a disturbance there, and a rising against all Europeans is not only possible, but highly probable.

The Sioux Indians signed the cession of the great part of their Dakota reservation, according to one of their head men, on the idea if they did not agree to it the government could and would take their lands for nothing if it wanted to.

This means farms for 70,000 families, enough for a farming population of 400,000 souls.

The Sioux reservation in Dakota, reserved to the Indians by treaties made years ago, is an enormous territory stretching from the Nebraskan boundary beyond the dividing line of the two Dakotas, and including all of South Dakota lying west of the Missouri river excepting only eight counties of the Black Hills region and the country directly north. This mighty reserve has an area of 34,125 square miles, or 21,840,000 acres: The total number of Indians occupying this country and cared for at its six agencies is about 25,000, giving an average of 900 acres to every buck, squaw and pappoose. But it must be borne in mind that the agreement just completed only provides for opening to settlement about 40 per cent. of this great reserve. Six smaller reserves for Indian occupancy are carved out of it, with an aggregate area of 20,000 square miles. The government pays $14,000,000 for the land acquired, or at the rate of $1 52 per acre, and the wants of the Indians are to be provided for out of the 5 per cent, interest on this perpetual trust fund in the public treasury. Three rivers run through it, and the valleys are of great fertility. The soil is said to be for the most part a rich alluvial loam, with a clay sub soil, inviting the raising of stock as well as the cultivation of cereals, and favorable to the production of fruits. It is said of this country that the "farmer has but to plough and sow or plant his seed. If too lazy for that, he can turn out his cattle upon the grass and grow rich on their increase.

The new liquor laws of Connecticut, which went into effect August 1, are to be strictly enforced. The county commissioners of the State, to which the licensing is allotted, have expressed themselves as unanimously in favor of high license. The screen law requires that all bars shall be visible from the street during the hours when selling is illegal and in cases where the construction of the building completely secludes the bar the situation of the saloon will have to be changed under penalty of forfeiture of the license. The sum of $400 has been practically agreed upon as the fixed price for licenses throughout the State and the commissioners for some of the counties have agreed not to grant licenses hereafter to women.

The only thing said about Quay, all the year, is about his sporting trips, fishing at the seashore, and such. You can't say any thing great of him in the senate to make him an honor to the great commonwealth of Penn'a. A sporting fisherman and shrewd wire worker, in politics he stands conspicious and if the people of our state glory in that kind of stuff to represent them in the halls where Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Wright and other eminent statesmen brought renown to their states, their country and themselves, then they place little value upon real greatness and are not hard to please.

Centre county has acres of as good statesmen as Quay and dozens who are far his superior in real worth and ability.

The Robert Morris Land and Coal Company of New York on Tuesday filed a bill in equity against the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company in the United States Circuit Court.

The plaintiffs allege that they are the owners of 8,949 acres of land in Northumberland county, Pa., having coal lying thereunder and valuable timber on it.

The defendant is in possession of the land, and is rapidly removing coal and timber from it, 2,000,000 tons of coal being taken out annually.

The property in dispute is worth $30,000,000. The bill only was filed, and in a few days the order and injunction will be asked for.

The unanimous nomination, on Tuesday, of L. A. Schaeffer, for re-election as prothonotary is a just tribute to a faithful officer, who has attended to his duties faultlessly and with his accuracy has combined an accommodating disposition and gentlemanly bearing towards all who had business in this important office. There should be no opposition to one who has filled his position so well. Let the people give Mr. Schaeffer such an endorsement at the polls as is due a faithful public servant.

The people of Ferguson and other townships in the county are much incensed, and justly so, against commissioners Henderson and Decker for raising the valuation on real estate unwarrantably above what the sworn assessors made it. Centre Hall, Potter and other districts have similar complaints. This action has raised the taxes. Let the commissioners put in less time at Bellefonte and they will not need raise the taxes.

"Nothing for Old Maids."

An elderly lady once remarked to a pretty girl that it was a very serious matter for a young woman to have a sweetheart. The girl answered that it was a far more serious matter not to have one. Certainly the two Misses Boggs, who have committed suicide at Point Pleasant, W. Va., agreed with the young lady. The two sisters were well to do. There was no reason why they should die by their own hand, or die at all, apparently. But they killed themselves, leaving a pathetic note, signed by both their names, saying there was "nothing in life for old maids."

It is a melancholy story, but the suicide was founded on a gigantic misapprehension of life. There is just as much here below for an old maid as for anybody else. Suppose they were without husbands? Husbands are not always what the old or young maiden fancy paints them. No more are wives always satisfactory. Socrates is credited with saying that whether one marries or does not marry, he regrets it. If the Misses Boggs had married, they might have got husbands whom they would have had to commit suicide to get rid of. Women have done the like, more than once.

But the gravest possible mistake one can make is to take for granted that his personal love, personal comfort and happiness play a very large figure in the plan of this universe. Whoever pursues these aims alone finds they invariably elude him at last, like Will o' the Wisp.

If the Misses Boggs wanted children, there was a world full of forlorn, homeless babies, many of them quite as sweet and pretty as any possible Boggs' babies would have been. How much they could have added to human happiness by adopting four or five little waifs and giving them home and education! Then there was the whole world of ideas before them—study, travel, science, art and music. Humanity stumbles blindly and painfully on, seeking always the better way in everything, thankful always to people who show it the better way. All of us owe it to the race to give some part of our time to aiding the rest. In philanthropy, in helping mankind to prosperity, to better, wiser, sweeter ways of living, there is work enough for a million single women, heaven knows!

It is sometimes necessary to pass through a sea of troubles to find at last that the only genuine happiness is found in giving happiness to others. Exactly in proportion as men lose sight of the "miserable aims that end in self," by a mysterious law friends, happiness and hope will drift their way. It is indeed:

A miserable, petty, low roofed life,
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
Through naught save light or dark in its own cabin.

River Floods.

Dr. Felix L. Oswald expresses, in the August Lippincott, the conviction that the whole earth is rapidly going to the "demnition bowwows," on account of the constantly increasing devastations of river floods. The cause of the river floods is the destruction of the hillside forests along the shores of the rivers. As long as the river hills are lined with trees, the soil beneath is soft and spongy. The leaves, living and dead, catch the rain and hold it gently to promote the growth of vegetation. The trees once cut off, the rainfall rushes down the hillsides in the spring floods, washing ghastly, yawning gullies, and pouring headlong into the river, causing destructive and widespread floods. The soil of the hills is washed off, leaving them barren and rocky. The sand and soil rush into the roaring river and cause it to become more and more shallow, to make higher floods.

In the torrid summer days, when the moisture that should have remained in the soil is most needed, the earth is hot and parched as a desert. So southwestern Asia, northern Africa and southern Europe, once the most fertile regions on the globe, supporting teeming millions of people, have become sandy barrens, simply through cutting off the trees from the highlands along the water courses. And so the whole United States will become like Arizona in time, unless the murderous tree stripping policy is stopped. The only way to stop the floods and reclaim the deserts is to replant the trees and let them stand.

How much is Queen Victoria worth? was a question that the inquiring Mr. Labouchere insisted on having answered in parliament recently. Well, the frugal minded old lady has a private fortune of twenty-two and a half million dollars to begin with. Then she gets a salary of two million dollars from the British government for being their figurehead—not a very handsome one, either. She isn't quite a pauper, therefore, although she is a beggar every time one of her numerous posterity marries.

Gen. Boulanger has taken pains to deny the report that he has killed himself, or that he is going to do so. Boulanger has no need to commit suicide. The late elections in France prove that he is dead already—deader than a door nail. Vive la republique!

Dem. County Convention.

The Democratic County Convention met in the court house on Tuesday; Col. J. L. Spangler was elected chairman and made a lively speech on taking the chair.

L. W. Schaeffer was nominated for prothonotary on first ballot.

Thos. F. Riley, of Boalsburg, was nominated for associate judge on first ballot.

J. C. Meyer was nominated for district attorney by acclamation.

G. B. Wych, of Rush, and James Swab of Harris, were elected secretaries.

The following were appointed a committee on resolutions: W. F. Reber, S. J. Herring, J. W. Parker, Col. J. F. Weaver and J. H. Reifsnyder.

The vote for associate judge stood, T. F. Riley 57, J. F. Heckman 38.

For prothonotary the vote was, L. A. Schaeffer 80, M. I. Gardner 15.

For county surveyor Geo. D. Johnson, of Mt. Eagle had 65, and Mich. Grove 36.

For coroner Dr. J. W. Neff, of Snow-shoe was unanimously nominated.

W. C. Heinle, esq., was re-elected Co. Chairman.

An English Pope.

The last British Contemporary Review contains rather a startling article on the future of the papacy. It substantially prophesies the removal of the head of the Roman Catholic church to London. The world is now becoming English speaking, says the writer. The church, to be up with the times, must rid itself of Italian traditions and intrigue. Then, purified and modernized, with a pope who is an Englishman, Holy Church may reconquer the world. The author of the paper, which is printed anonymously, looks to America or Great Britain to rehabilitate the temporal power or the church must decline. Cardinal Gibbons is hinted at as the next pope. With some square miles of soil for its own, it is claimed that the papacy will have room for its secretaries, messengers and guards.

The growing influence of the laboring classes is apparent day by day. It is noticeable in the fact that Mayor Grant, of New York, invited representatives of various labor organizations to meet him in conference on the question of the world's fair in 1892. That exposition will not be an affair of a snobbish 400, as the centennial inauguration was, but an enterprise of all the people.

It may be interesting to our readers about this time of year to know that the mosquito's song is pitched in the key of A natural.

On Monday officers brought to Reading from Altoona Henry Whiteman, aged 30, for whom they have been searching eight years.

A little over eight years ago Whitman was married to a respectable young lady of Reading, and then disappeared. It is alleged that he went to Altoona, married a young lady there, and is now the father of several children. The charges against him are desertion and bigamy.

In Altoona he stood high in social circles.

Judge Terry of San Francisco was shot by a deputy U. S. Marshall in a hotel while he was assaulting Judge Field. Terry has long been a terror in that state. It was he, that shot senator Broderick about 25 years ago.

Boulanger has been found guilty, by the French senate, of treason, but he is safe in England.

Captain Jennings, of the steamer Colina, from Glasgow, reports having passed 300 icebergs, 110 at one time being counted with the naked eye between Belle Isle and Point Amour. Perhaps an ice trust has these bergs in tow in order to freeze out the ice dealers.

——Four more bodies were found yesterday at Johnstown.

——There will be no state fair this year; let all come to Centre Hall, Sept. 17.

——Rev. Rearick will be installed in the Lutheran church at Rebersburg next Sabbath.

——Had a very heavy thunder gust on Wednesday afternoon, accompanied by storm.

——Dr. Stam is about opening a new store in the vacant hotel building at Spring Mills.

——Hail large as hen's eggs in Clinton county Wednesday afternoon and much damage done.

——Rev. James Arney is here, visiting his aged mother and other friends. He is accompanied by his youngest daughter.

——Lewisburg is excited over the report that while the corpse of Mrs. Searles was being embalmed there were knocks and screams from under the floor, yet the house has no cellar under it. There is great terror among the women of the town.

——Henry Steele, of near Granville, Mifflin county, entered a water closet, and without inspecting the seat, which was occupied by a copperhead snake, was bitten by the reptile. After much pain and suffering whisky and a doctor brought him through the danger.

Obituary.

After an illness of about four months duration, the spirit of William Gettig took its leave of what was mortal, and went to meet its God in Heaven. This event taking place at half past three o'clock Tuesday morning, July 30. Deceased was born December 31, 1835, thus being at the time of his death aged 53 years, 6 months and 29 days.

The disease was at first pronounced dropey at the heart, but after a further examination by the attending physicians, it was discovered that the disease actually was Bright's disease of kidneys, and that it was too far gone to effect a cure.

Deceased was born near the village of Madisonburg, this county. He was the son of Jacob and Anna Gettig, and was the third of a family of eight children. The father, an older brother, sister and younger brother preceded him to the spirit world. William was but 15 years old when his father died and the oldest, (his older brother and sister being dead.) He together with the others supported his mother and smaller children. He worked for his mother until he was over 25 years old.

Mr. Gettig was a member of the Reformed church till of late, when he cast his lot with the Evangelical church and lived a true and consistent life to the end and died in the full triumphs of a Christian faith, at various times during his last illness expressing his willingness to go home to his maker. He was also a member of the Patrons of husbandry in good standing. He united with Benner Grange in 1876, and remained a true and consistent member of said grange until after removing to Penns Valley, when he united with Victor grange No. 159, and remained an active member of said grange until death.

On September 27, 1861, he was married to Eliza N. Wolf, by Rev. Jacob Hartzler, of the Evangelical church, and was the father of eleven children viz: Samuel D., the writer, a law student with District Attorney Meyer, Bellefonte; W. Emory, clerking in Bellefonte; C. Regina, Charles C., doing the farming; S. Elizabeth, Henry C., J. Andrew, Emma E., dead and interred in the Howersville cemetery, Valeria I., George I., and John E.

He was a kind and affectionate husband, a loving father and a kind and obliging neighbor, and many there are who will hold the name of William Gettig in grateful remembrance.

The funeral took place Friday, August 2. at Zions Evangelical church, followed by a large concourse of neighbors and friends. His aged mother, who is nearly 82 years old, was present at the funeral and was much affected. Rev. Vought officiated, assisted by Rev. T. J. Fredericks.

He is now sleeping the long, long sleep, awaiting the sounding of Gabriel's trumpet on the resurrection morn.

May his ashes rest in peace.

Dearest father, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But we know God has bereft us,
And he can our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the storms of life have fled,
And in Heaven above to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

Oh, we miss thee dearest father,
No more here we'll hear thy voice;
Yet we know if we love Jesus,
Soon we shall meet you there.

Yes we know the angels met you,
Bade you welcome to that home;
From whose fair and blessed portals,
You will never wish to roam,

On your head a crown of Glory
Sparkles dazzling to the light,
While in spotless robes of beauty,
They have decked your form of light.

So brothers and sisters do not sorrow,
In this parting we sustain:
For we know that our loss is
Our father's eternal gain.

S. D. GETTIG.

Aaronsburg.

F. S. Wolf, of Girard, Kansas, who visited friends and relatives during the past two weeks has again started homeward. He has charge of a railroad office at the above place.

Rev. J. A. Bright just returned from a trip across the Atlantic and a visit to London, where he attended the World's Sunday School Convention and to Paris to the Exposition, delivered a lecture in the Lutheran church on Monday evening last. The gentleman had the misfortune to be relieved of his valise while on the cars between Philadelphia and New York. The passengers on the steamship on which he sailed made him up a purse so that on his arrival in London he bought a suit of clothes, etc.

Absalom Mingle is very ill and not expected to recover, with brain fever. The attending physician has no hopes at all for him.

Miss Jennie Medlar of Allentown and Miss Mary Huston of Clearfield, nieces of Col. Coburn, are visiting at that gentleman's place.

Rev. Z. A. Yearick has resigned here and accepted a call from Mercersburg, Franklin co. Pa., and will move there the coming October.

Mr. H. A. Mingle who had been quite sick is again able to be about.

The attempt to burn the property of Chas. Bell, by some unknown parties has caused the insurance companies to cancel their policies.

Clayton Leitzell was arrested in Sugar Valley last week and placed in jail at Look Haven, charged with having forged an order on his employer.

Death of Judge Irwin.

John Irwin, Jr., of Bellefonte, died at his home, on Wednesday afternoon, 14, aged 84 years. A stroke of paralysis, some two weeks ago, was the cause of his death.

Judge Irwin was well known all over the county and was a very excellent man, upright in all things, and respected by all who new him.

BIRD CAGES AT COST.

I have on hand a lot of brass and painted bird cages which I will sell at and below cost. Come early.

J. D. MURRAY.

——A big picnic will be held by half dozen Sabbath schools in Brumgards woods in the east end of Brushvalley, on Sat. 24.

Musical College.—The 36th session of six weeks, opens Monday evening, July 29, for the teaching of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address,

F. C. MOYER,
Director, Freeburgh, Pa.

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——Robert McFarlane's hardware store in Bellefonte is headquarters for the celebrated Link Fence Wire. Having bought a car load before the recent advance in price, he is able to sell at very low rates. The link wire has stood the test of several years in our county and has proven first class in all respects. It is so easy to handle and put up and weighs a little less to the rod than any other. Write for prices.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Earthquake.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16 : 31.

JAILS are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones, who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of woman who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of

A GREAT HORROR.

You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say, "God pity the prisoner!" But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that?"

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all

THE DOORS SWING OPEN.

The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and believing, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself, and Cato killed himself, and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen, thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying ou: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer memorable all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquakes in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caraccas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbance are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself, "Now I am free, and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837, or in 1857, or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate, and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf, The telegraph hurled.

THE TERROR TO THE CITY.

An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations! So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did, "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There ar some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible He is called "Jesus," and in other parts of th Bible He is called "Christ;" but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come together—"The Lord Jesus Christ." Now,

WHO IS THIS BEING

that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I reasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me He was *a very attractive person.* Contemporary writers described His whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to Him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into His lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on His bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose.

TO LOOK AT CHRIST

was to love Him. Oh, how attractive His manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering, in everything He did, in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out, did He say: "Do not bring me these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no: there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a *fiery momentum.* How the kings of the earth turned pale! Here is a plain man with a few sailors at His back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through the earth, and through all the heavens, and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realise his earnestness, this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let Him take some deadly potion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If He must die, let Him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel His warm blood dropping on each cheek while it looks up into the face of His anguish. So the cross must be lifted, and a hole is dug

ON THE TOP OF CALVARY.

It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and when they shake His right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders onder the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard, Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God, and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; He was to die. He must die.

HIS LIFE FOR YOUR LIFE.

In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the criminal. That young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her!" But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, nor for His father, but for His sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self sacrificing—can you not trust Him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust Him if you will only tell me how;" and the great question asked by thousands is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master help!"

HOW ARE YOU TO TRUST

in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away all your sins, and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I reed my Bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart, and you are saved! Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy, then deal with him as fairly.

HISTORICAL FAITH.

"Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Captain Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say, "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table, and perhaps do not think of the incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the ringing of the hands and the fainting, the cry, "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the wave, and on the hurricane-deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with

THE LIFEBOATS!"

cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says, "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Captain Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued exclamations, with grief at his loss, and joy at your deliverance. *That is saving faith.* In other words, what you believe with all your heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your soul.

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Hock of Ages." And built by the Architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on, and you stop, and you fall back, and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever

A PRIZE PROFFERED SO CHEAP

as pardon and heaven are offered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you *what it is to be saved?* I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you. But I can hint at it. For my text brings me to this point. "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death, and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no peril, no sword, can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child by God, and He is

BOUND TO SEE ME THROUGH.

The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blown out by the blast of the judgment hurricane; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. Yea, further than that—it means a peaceful death. Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Sigourney, Dr. Young, and almost all the poets have said handsome things about death. There is nothing beautiful about it. When we stand by the white and rigid features of those whom we love, and they give no answering pressure of the hand, and they give no returning kiss of the lip, we do not want anybody poetizing around about us.

Death is loathsomeness, and midnight, and the wringing of the heart, until the tendrils snap and curl in the torture, unless Christ shall be with us. I confess to you an infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unless Christ shall be with me. I would rather go down into a cave of wild beasts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home and put away in the darkness?

I CANNOT BEAR DARKNESS.

At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas lighted, and the further on in life I get the more I like to have my friends round about me. And am I to be put off for thousands of years into a dark place, with no one to speak to? When the holidays come and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year"? Ah, do not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place. Unless there is some supernatural illumination I shudder back from it. My whole nature revolts at it. But now this glorious lamp is lifted above the grave, and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent, when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salvation to-day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour, if Christ wraps around me the skirt of His own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid

THE HEAVENLY DAYBREAK?

O Death! I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness, thou robber of all the earth! Fly, thou despoiler of families! With this battle-axe I hew thee in twain from hemlet to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth and through the heavens: "O Death, I will be thy plague! O Grave, I will be thy destruction!" To be saved is to wake up in the presence of Christ. You know when Jesus was upon earth how happy He made every house He went into; and when He brings us up to His house in heaven how great shall be our glee! His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity! Talk not about banks dashed with efflorescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross! Oh, I want to stand in eternity with Him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run. I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness.

Oh, broken-hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all of your hardships and bereavements and losses into the loving ear of Christ, and then have Him explain why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have Him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You have suffered with Me on earth, come up now and be glorified with Me in heaven!" Some one went into a house where there had been a great deal of trouble, and said to the woman there, "You seem to be lonely." "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family?" "Only myself." "Have you had any children?" "I had seven children." "Where are they?" "Gone." "All gone?" "All." "All dead?" "All." Then she breathed a long sigh into the loneliness, and said: "Oh, sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the bereavements of life. I point you to-day to

THE ETERNAL BALM

of heaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? Oh you poor waiting maid! your heart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad, how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! Aged men and women, fed by His love and warmed by His grace for threescore years and ten! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a hart when you come to look face to face upon Him whom, having not seen, you love? That will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamb reclining on the sunlit hill. That will be the captain of our salvation, not amid the roar and crash and boom of battle, but amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning upon His arm, while He looks down into her face, and says: "Behold, thou art fair, my love! Behold, thou art fair!"

GOWNS FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

The Directoire Pronounced the Best That has Been Devised.

The present style of the Directoire suit is probably the most hygienic dress that has ever been worn by women. The absence of full drapery and the plain skirts prevent it from encumbering the limbs, and relieve it from the unnecessary weight which has been so serious an objection to the old styles.

The custom of making many of these dresses without pockets is not a necessity. The dress with seven pockets, referred to in the articles entitled "Talks about Health," is of the Directoire style. Four of these pockets are inserted in the vest in the same manner as pockets are made in gentlemen's vests. Two are in the upper part of the vest, one for the watch, and the other for a pencil. The owner of this dress has had occasion many times to exclaim, "Oh! what a comfort that pencil pocket is to me. I never before could find my pencil." Two of the pockets referred to are placed in the lower part of the vest to be used for car tickets and small articles. In the back drapery are inserted two oblong pockets, the openings of which are drawn together by elastic cord. One of these is found most useful as a receptacle for a memorandum book, the other for a card case. Under one of the panels on the right side is inserted a long pocket to be used for the handkerchief and purse; and on the other side, hidden also by one of the panels, can be placed another pocket for keys and other articles that are not needed for immediate use.

It is to be hoped that this style of dress, the Directoire, will not be of the ephemeral nature of many others, but will be generally adopted by business women, with the improvement in the way of pockets which we have suggested. There is a cry going out through the land from the lips of self-supporting women against the bondage of fashionable dress. It is, indeed, a matter of great importance that a dress shall be worn by business women which shall combine all the artistic features of a fashionable dress with the comforts and conveniences required.

The annoyances that have been caused by non-hygienic dresses heretofore in vogue are only fully appreciated by the self-supporting woman who finds herself constantly hampered by them. That women have been successful while struggling with such difficulties is an unanswerable argument in favor of their physical endurance; but whatever success those of remarkable intellect can attain under such circumstances, the ordinary woman cannot expect to go tilting on the road to success with shoes which give her the appearance of having club feet, with waists reduced to two-thirds their natural proportions, and without pockets in which to carry the articles which business life requires.

We should be glad to receive suggestions in short paragraphs of not more than two hundred words in regard to business dresses for women.—*From the Business Woman's Journal.*

SUBJECTS EXHAUSTED. — Little Alice—"Oh, dear, I'm afraid if Mrs. Blank don't go pretty soon we won't get our ride with mamma. Ain't her call most over?"

Little Dick—"I guess so. Mamma is talking about the second girl now, and there is only the nurse and the janitor left."

"JOHNNY, will you have some vegetables?"

"No, thank you, aunty; the medicine mamma brought home last week is purely vegetable—that is what it says on the label—and if you knew how awful that tastes you would know why I never want anything to do with vegetables."

WE confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

A WISE man handicapped with ignorance is not more unfortunate than the natural fool handicapped with limited knowledge.

No revenge is more heroic than that which torments an enemy by doing good.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY AUGUST 18, 1889.

Saul Rejected by the Lord.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 15 : 10-23. Memory verses, 22, 23.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Obedience and Disobedience.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.*—1 Sam. 15 : 22.

LESSON TOPIC: *Disobedience Punished.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Saul's Transgression, vs 10-15.
2. Saul's Condemnation, vs. 16-21.
3. Saul's Punishment, vs. 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king.*—1 Sam. 15 : 23.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Sam. 15 : 10-23. Disobedience punished.
T.—1 Sam. 13 : 1-23. Saul's early deeds as king.
W.—1 Sam. 14 : 1-23. Saul's early deeds as king.
T.—1 Sam. 14 : 24-52. Saul's deeds and kindred.
F.—1 Sam. 15 : 1-9. Saul sent to destroy Amalek.
S.—Num. 16 : 1-35. Disbedience punished.
S.—Jonah 1 : 1-17. Disobedience punished.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. SAUL'S TRANSGRESSION.

I. As Stated by the Lord:
He....hath not performed my commandments (11).
None devoted....shall be ransomed; he shall surely be put to death (Lev. 27 : 29).
Thou hast not kept the commandment of the Lord (1 Sam. 13 : 13).
Go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy (1 Sam. 15 : 3).
Saul and the people spared Agag, and the best (1 Sam. 15 : 9).

II. As Discovered by Samuel:
What meaneth then this....which I hear? (14).
God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants (Gen. 44 : 16).
Be sure your sin will find out (Num. 32 : 23).
Samuel rose early to meet Saul (1 Sam. 15 : 12).
Thvre is nothing covered up, that shall not be revealed (Luke 12 : 2).

III. As Acknowledged by Saul:
The people spared the best;....the rest we....destroyed (15).
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat (Gen. 3 : 12).
Every thing that was vile and refuse, that they destroyed (1 Sam. 15 : 9).
The people took of the spoil....to sacrifice unto the Lord (1 Sam. 15 : 21).
Our sins testify against us (Isa. 59 : 11).
1. "It repenteth me." Repentance with the Lord: (1) Its nature; (2) It causes; (3) Its consequences.
2. "Samuel was wroth." Righteous indignation: (1) occasions; (2) Its expressions; (3) Its limitations.
3. "The rest we have utterly destroyed." (1) God's order; (2) Saul's reservation.—(1) Partial obedience; (2) Complete failure.

II. SAUL'S CONDEMNATION.

I. God an Accuser:
I will tell what the Lord hath said (16).
The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me (Gen. 4 : 10).
Saul....is turned back from following me (2 Sam. 15 : 11).
He cannot answer him one of a thousand (Job 9 : 3).
I will be a swift witness against the sorcerers (Mal. 3 : 5).

II. Thoroughness a Duty:
Go and utterly destroy the sinners the Amalekites (18).
I will utterly blot out the remembrance of Amalek (Exod. 17 : 14).
Thou shalt blot out....Amalek from under heaven (Deut. 25 : 19).
Do them with all thine heart, and with all thy soul (Deut. 26 : 16).
Do it with with thy might (Eccl. 9 : 10).

III. Imperfection a Sin:
Yea, I have obeyed,....But the people took of the spoil (20, 21).
Thou shouldest have smitten five or six times (2 Kings 13 : 19).
Whosoever....hall break one....shall be called least (Matt. 5 : 19).
Cursed is every one which continueth not in all things (Gal. 3 : 10).
Keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point,....guilty (Jas. 2 : 10).
1. "Stay, and I will tell thee what the Lord hath said." (1) The Lord's representative; (2) The Lord's offender; (3) The Lord's message.
2. "Wherefore then didst thou not obey?" (1) Disobedience charged; (2) Vindication sought.
3. "I have obeyed....But the people took," (1) Personal fidelity claimed; (2) Popular transgression admitted.

III. SAUL'S PUNISHMENT.

I. Under God's Displeasure:
Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings,....as in obeying? (22).
To do justice....is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice (Prov. 21 : 3).
I delight not in the blood of bullocks (Isa. 1 : 11).
The wrath of God abideth on him (John 3 : 36).
Rendering vengeance to them....that obey not (2 Thess. 1 : 8).

II. Charged with Sin:
Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft (23).
Ye have been rebellious against the Lord (Deut. 9 : 7).
I know thy rebellion, and thy stiff neck (Deut. 31 : 27).
He addeth rebellion unto his sin (Job 34 : 37).
Hold them guilty, O God;....they have rebelled (Psa. 5 : 10).

III. Rejected as King:
He hath also rejected thee from being king (23).
Now thy kingdom shall not continue (1 Sam. 13 : 14).
It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king (1 Sam. 15 : 11).
The Lord hath rejected thee from being king (1 Sam. 15 26).
The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee (1 Sam. 15 : 28).
1. "To obey is better than sacrifice." (1) A good way; (2) A better way; (3) The best way.—(1) The value of sacrifice; (2) The value of obedience. obedience.
2. "Thou hast rejected the word of the Lord." (1) The Lord's word; (2) The king's rebellion.—(1) Revelation; (2) Rebellion; (3) Rejection.
3. "He hath also rejected thee." Saul's rejection; (1) Its basis; (2) Its results.—Rejected of God.—(1) What? (2) Why? (3) Whom?

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE DOOMED AMALEKITES.

Their founder (Gen. 36 : 12).
Their assault on Israel (Exod. 17 : 8; Num. 24 : 20, marg.).
Its especial virulence (Deut. 25 : 17, 18).
Its repulse through God (Exod. 17 : 9-13).
Their doom decreed (Exod. 17 : 14-17).
Their doom reaffirmed (Num 24 : 20; Deut. 25 : 19).
Their persistent hostility (Num. 14 : 45; Judg. 3 : 13; 6 : 3; 7 : 12; 10 : 12; 1 Sam. 30 : 1, 2; Psa. 83 : 5, 7).
Their destruction ordered (1 Sam. 15 : 1-3).
Saul spares them (1 Sam. 15 : 4-9).
Saul's course condemned (1 Sam. 15 : 16-23; 28 : 18).
Their final overthrow (1 Sam. 27 : 8; 30 : 17, 18; 2 Sam. 1 : 1; 1 Chron. 4 : 43).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The renewal of the kingdom at Gilgal was attended by a remarkable sign: thunder and rain in the time of wheat harvest, which was made the occasion of further admonition by Samuel (1 Sam. 12 : 16-25). The early part of the reign of Saul was marked by a victory over the Philistines (1 Sam. 13 : 1-4), but this only led to a renewed attack on their part (vs. 5-7). While waiting for Samuel, Saul presumptuously offered sacrifice himself, for which he was rebuked by Samuel, and the end of his dynasty foretold (vs. 8-14). There follows an account of the little band of Israelites and their unarmed condition (vs. 15-23). Chapter 14 contains an account of the remarkable adventure of Jonathan and his armor-bearer, which resulted in the defeat of the great host of the Philistines (vs. 1-16). Saul and his band, joined by others as they went continued the battle, under a curse from Saul if any tasted food. Jonathan unwittingly disobeyed, and afterwards the whole host ate of the captured beasts with the blood (vs. 17-35). Seeking Divine counsel, Saul delayed pursuit, and disobedience of Jonathan; but the people would not allow him to be put to death (vs. 36-45). A general description of the wars of Saul is then given (vs. 47-52).

The lesson is immediately preceded by an account of the command of Samuel to smite Amalek, and of the victory and disobedience of Saul.

The place of the lesson was Gilgal, though Samuel probably came from Ramah. The time is altogether uncertain. Usher fixes it at B. C. 1079, in the fifteenth or seventeenth year of Saul's reign, It was probably after the birth of David, who was thirty years old when he began to reign (B. C. 1055 or 1059).

City or Country.

"Which is the better place to bring up a child in, the city or the country?

Something depends upon the child, very much upon the parents, and not a little upon the circumstances under which the bringing up must be done. In the matter of health and the formation of a sound physical and moral constitution—which is the most important thing of all—a country life is undoubtedly the better, other things being equal. By "other things," we mean food, clothing and care. Many country children grow up thin, and sallow, diseased, through lack of proper food and the ignorance or inattention of their parents as to the laws of health, while many city children are plump, rosy and healthy, as the result of constant, intelligent care in their rearing. But the country air and freedom are as natural and almost as necessary for the normal development of children as for the proper rearing of colts. Country bred children learn, too, facts about nature and men and industries and our republican institutions and the true democratic spirit, which are denied to city children. Happy is the man or woman whose early years are spent in "God's country," and who was so constituted and so situated as to receive the full benefit of the privilege.—*N. Y. World.*

Ambitious to be Stout.

There seems to be an opinion prevailing in some quarters that ladies do not like to be stout. It is known that this is a mistake. Any number of physicians in New York will tell you that many ladies undergo a special diet to make them stout. They do not stop this diet even after their figures have assumed pronounced proportions. They say they like to be chubby and round and palpitating. The favorite mixture of these ladies is a home-made decoction called "Dope." It must be taken three times a day certainly, and some ladies who like the drink take it more often. "Dope" is condensed milk and hot water—a teaspoonful of the milk to a goblet of the water.

Dr. A. Ernst, of Caracas, Venezula, cites two ssvere earthquakes in that vicinity as instances of the remarkable influence of the soil on the destruction of buildings by such shocks. In each case the houses built on rocks were ruined, while those standing on a thick stratum of loose material were scarcely injured.

According to Grant Allen, almost all very early or primeval types of animals or plants yet existing belong to one or other of three peculiar habitats Islands, fresh water streams or lakes and caves.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even and the numbers 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 belong to heaven, while the digits are of earth, earthy.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

CARNATIONS.

Few summer flowers are more admired than these, combining as they do beauty of form and color with delightful fragrance. Some are sweeter than others. They rank among the best of town plants. The rich and highly-perfumed crimson clove Carnation is a very old favorite, and is being more extensively grown every year. Equally good growing and free blooming sorts can be had with white, rose, pink, scarlet, purple, and striped flowers The sooner the planting is completed in good, deeply-worked soil and an open position, the better. The best plants are those that have been kept in small pots through the winter, and the soil must not be dry nor removed from the roots when planting. Carnations dug from the ground at this season of the year do not grow and flower nearly so well as strong plants that are established in pots. In ordering, it is well to ask that free-growing sorts be sent, as some are more delicate than others. Picotees only differ from Carnations in having the colors round the edges of the petals, though some are also mottled, not flaked or striped. Pinks in different colors may be planted now from pots. The flowers are smaller than Carnations and Picotees. All the kinds are excellent for coat and dress adornment when tastefully arranged with a few of their own leaves.

* * *

BOXES OF CARNATIONS AND PINKS.

Dwellers in towns who have no gardens for growing button-hole flowers should grow the kinds named in boxes on outside window-sills. Ready planed seven-inch floor boards are cheap, and can be obtained from builders or dealers. These, cut into lengths to fit the sills, make excellent boxes for plants, and they can be painted, covered with virgin cork, or otherwise ornamented, according to the taste of the possessors. It is best to nail the sides to the edges of the bottom board, as more width is gained than when the edges of the sides rest on it, and the ends can be let in, cutting all the pieces true, so as to ensure a close, square fit. Some holes, as mentioned last week, can be made for drainage, and these should be covered with shells, potsherds, or charcoal, on which an inch or two of dryish horse-manure may be beaten down firmly. Yellowish fibrous loam is the best kind of soil, and a peck, or what may be wanted, may be obtained from dealers, with a little decayed manure or leaf-mould intermixed. It should be pressed down, but not made so hard that the finger cannot be forced into it; yet the firmer it is, subject to this simple condition, the better. The plants may be arranged in the box closely, or so that they just touch each other, sinking the roots, without taking the soil from them, half an inch deeper than they were in the pots; and when all is finished the surface of the soil should be quite half an inch from the top of the box. This space is requisite for the purpose of watering effectively, and may be filled up with water as often as the earth gets distinctly dry on the surface, not giving any so long as it remains wet. It is most important that the soil in the pots be moist when the plants are turned out of them, but not very wet indeed, and that in the box should be in the same damp condition. If the roots are in dry soil when planted, good growth and flowers cannot be expected, and it will be a mere matter of chance if they are produced. It is surprising what a number of button-hole flowers can be cut from a good, well-managed box of Pinks and Carnations. The former are the first to open, and may be planted close to the sides, the others more in the centre to continue the supply. As the stems push they must be carefully secured to small, neat stakes made firm in the soil. When the flowers are over, the stems should be cut down, and the neat, bluish-green growths will have an agreeable appearance. If a few bulbs of Gladiolus are planted two inches deep between the Carnations about the middle of May, they will push up spikes for flowering towards the autumn. More will be said about these beautiful and easily-grown plants.

JAPANESE SPIRÆAS.

These dwarf plants with glossy leaves and white feathery plume-like flower-spikes rising from them, are among the most admired of room and greenhouse plants in spring and early summer. Many are flowering now, and still more, perhaps, have ceased. What is best to do with them is what their owners desire to know. Those still flowering cannot have too much water. The pots may stand in it constantly in the saucers; or, at least, as soon as it vanishes more should be poured on the soil to pass through. Plants which have ceased flowering should be planted out in a moist and rather shaded position in the garden, or, failing such position, be stood in saucers in any shaded place outdoors, watering them as before. Clear soot-water is good for them, and is easily made by tying a handful of soot in a piece of old muslin, or anything of that kind, and suspending in water for a day or two, giving the bag a squeeze occasionally, and the virtues of the soot will be extracted and suspended in the water. The plants will not be so good next year as this, probably; still, with good attention, will produce a number of their elegant spikes.

* * *

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Such good care is taken of these plants that they may still be seen in some room windows and greenhouses. These are the worst of places for them now; the best is an open, sunny position outdoors, where worms cannot enter the pots through the drainage. If the stems are growing too tall the tops may be taken off, and fresh shoots will push lower down. The present is a good time for amateurs to purchase young plants, which they desire to keep dwarf for their windows. If they are in small pots they should be transferred to others, three inches wider, using good loam with a fifth part of crumbled manure and half that quantity of sand, pressing this mixture firmly round the roots, and not quite filling the pots. The soil in the small pots must be moist when the work is done, and that which is used should be damp enough for compression. They should be examined morning and afternoon, giving water to those where the soil is a little dry, passing those which are moist, for though the leaves should never drop through want of water, the roots must not be kept in a constant puddle. Correct watering is a chief factor in the successful culture of these plants. As often as the shoots grow four inches in length the points may be nipped out till the end of June, for making bushy plants; but if a few very large blooms are coveted, the stems must grow tall for producing them. After supplying the roots with water, the leaves should be well sprinkled on the evenings of hot days.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS.

There is much discussion at present as to how flowers can be best preserved to send to far away people. When it is desirable to send floral souvenirs there is much chagrin that the perfumed beauties arrive in a mashed, dilapidated and discolored condition at their objective point. This can easily be rectified by a little care and attention. The best way is to pack the flowers in ice. That is a sure preservative, especially if a little salt is sprinkled over the crystalline surface. Another mode in which flowers are sent in complete preservation, even (and it is frequently done) to Europe, is to pack them closely in tin cans, covering the stems with moist cotton. Over all a layer of wet cotton is placed. At the end of the sea voyage the buds and flowers will be found fresh and fragrant as at the beginning. To keep flowers brightly from day to day—that is, cut flowers—it is only necessary to sprinkle with water, place the stems deeply in moisture, and, if necessary, put a light layer of cotton over them. Flowers can be made to last a long time if carefully watched, but they require the delicate nurture of an experienced lover of blooms.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FARM NOTES.

There is a large amount of waste material that can be added to the manure heap with advantage, and during the warm days of summer the materials very quickly decompose. Weeds can be profitably raked up and added to the manure heap, provided they are not ready to seed, and even then a well-managed heap will destroy the seeds. The most important requisite with manure is to have it as fine as possible, and, with this object in view, the hay left over or trampled should be cut. The straw used for bedding will be more serviceable if cut for that purpose, and will also more readily act as an absorbent in the manure heap. It must not be overlooked that the liquids are more valuable than the solids, and the best mode of retaining the liquids is to use absorbent materials. Even dry dirt has been found a valuable substance in the manure heap when used as an absorbent, and as the liquids serve to hasten decomposition they largely increase the value of the solid portions.

Effects of Lime and Ashes.—Ashes are composed largely of lime and contain small proportions of phosphates and other mineral matter, their composition depending on the kind of wood from which they were procured. Their chief value is due to the potash they contain, the potash not only serving as available plant-food but also assisting to render available many other substances in the soil that are insoluble. It is the chemical action induced by lime and ashes that enables them to improve the soil in many ways other than that of simply adding lime and potash as plant food. No soil is fitted to produce perfect plants unless it contains all the elements of plant food necessary for the fulfillment of the objects of the plants, but soils may abound largely in plant food that cannot be appropriated by crops. It is this inert, unavailable plant food that is attacked by lime and ashes, its parts torn asunder by chemical action, and new compounds formed that are entirely unlike the original substances. The action of lime on plants and soils varies according to the character of the soils. It makes heavy soils lighter and light soils heavier, and a greater proportion of organic and mineral matter is annually delivered to the crops as food. Ashes serve as plant food to a greater extent, and its effects are more immediate.

Assisting the Fertilizer.—As lime and ashes add no organic matter to the soil, but can only reduce the compounds already existing as possible plant food, the farmer can secure better results from the application of lime and ashes by growing some crop to be plowed under. The effects of the mineral and vegetable manure are such that one improves the other by hastening chemical action. Every crop grown derives a certain proportion of nitrogen from the atmosphere, either through the agency of rains, or, as some claim, its leaves, and while occupying the soil the roots serve to reduce the matter of the soil, which is stored up in the plants, to be again subjected to the influence of lime and ashes.

Put in a good crop of fodder corn, sown in the row, with rows four feet apart, so as to cultivate it. Do not cut the fodder until the ears begin to glaze, when it may be put in a silo, or cut down, cured and stored in the barn. Such fodder should never be stocked in the fields, as its quality will be injured by exposure to the sun and rains. The value of fodder is greatly influenced by the period of growth at which it is cut. If cut too soon it will contain a large proportion of water, and if cut too late it will lose its succulency. Experiments indicate that the proper time is when the ears are in the "milky stage" and just beginning to glaze.

London Purple.—According to Prof. Cook of the Michigan Agricultural College (who cultivates a farm of his own), London purple is the best for spraying fruit trees, and one pound to 100 gallons of water is the greatest strength advisable for the first spraying. Where a second spraying is necessary, as may be profitable, especially if the crop is light, it should not be stronger than one pound to 150 gallons, and even weaker for a third application. Unless washed off by heavy rain one thorough spraying is usually enough.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Sensible Housekeeper of the Future.—I wish that it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter, than she is where she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be a moment's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant, and really overpaid servants to-day, sensible New England girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages, would fit themselves at the cooking schools, or in any way they found available, they would not longer wait for employment, and they would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done that it has fallen into disrepute and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions—not before.—*Sarah Orne Jewett in Congregationalist.*

Lobster Newburg.—Cut the meat of a four-pound lobster into thin slices or small pieces. Melt four tablespoonfuls butter. When hot add the lobster. Cook slowly five minutes, then add two teaspoonfuls salt, one saltspoonful pepper, two tablespoonfuls sherry, and two of brandy, and a slight grating of nutmeg; then add one cup cream and the beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir until it has thickened slightly. Serve with toast points.

The lobster is sometimes served whole, and is known as lobster souffle with sauce a la Newburg. It is nicer, however, if cut up.

First take off the small claws, then the large ones.

In the head of the lobster is the "lady," so called. Put the thumb on the part that seems to have been made for it. Press down firmly.

Shake out the good meat and the "lady" will be left standing up.

Throw away the "lady" and take out the lungs.

Break the bones of the tail and take out the meat. The bones may be broken with the finger and thumb or with a hammer.

Of course you make it very nice without the brandy and sherry, but these give it a peculiar taste, which is generally liked.

In place of toast points, points of puff paste of chopped paste may be used.

The points are arranged around the sides of the dish and the lobster poured into the centre.

It has a pretty appearance, and tastes as well as it looks.

Boiled Cocoanut Custard.—To one pound of grated cocoanut allow a quart of sweet milk, and six ounces of white sugar; beat very light the yolks of six eggs, stir them gradually into the milk, alternately with the cocoanut and sugar; put the mixture into a pitcher, set it in a vessel of boiling water, place it on hot coals and simmer it till it is very smooth and thick, stirring it all the time. As soon as it comes to a hard boil take it off the fire, pour it into a large bowl, and set it to cool; when cold, put it into custard cups. Beat to a stiff froth the whites of the eggs that were left, and pile it on the custards; sprinkle over each a little powdered sugar.

Apple Snow.—Bake six good tart apples in a covered dish, with a little water in the bottom to prevent their burning, until they are so tender a straw can pierce them; take off the skins, scrape out the pulp, mix it with two (scant) cups of sugar and the juice and half the grated peel of one lemon; beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add to them by degrees the apple; make a custard of the yolks of the eggs, a generous pint of milk and a half cup of sugar, when the custard is cold put it in a deep glass dish and heap the apple snow over it.

Apple and Rice.—Peel and core apples, being careful not to break them, put them in a deep baking dish, and pour over them a syrup made of a pound of sugar to a pint of water boiled till thick; put a small piece of lemon peel inside the apple and bake slowly until done, but not broken. Take out the lemon peel and put any kind of jelly or jam inside the apples, and between them put little heaps of well-cooked rice. Serve either hot or cold.

A new principle in steam packing, recently brought to notice, is claimed to meet the difficulties hitherto experienced in other methods. It consists in the employment of a common eccentric ring hooked together by a clamp, which forms a part of the ring itself, and this hook clamp limits the expansion of the ring and changes the whole principle of its action. The rings are cast heavy, rough turned, very much larger than the cylinder, a piece cut out, sprung together and fitted with the hook clamp or shoes, left slightly larger than the cylinder, and then returned to a tight fit; the rings can compress to a limited extent, but cannot expand. In use, when the engine is first started, and the hot piston moves to the cool end of the cylinder, the rings compress and allow it to go free, but, when both cylinder and piston get up to working temperature, the rings just fit and work without any pressure and very little tendency to wear; filing out the hooks compensates for wear when it has taken place. The hook clamp is made longer at one end than the other, the object of this being to break joints when two rings are placed side by side in the same groove, and thus cut off the leak that would otherwise take place through the gaps.

A traveling electric light has been used in Germany with much success. The arrangement is a very simple one. A dynamo, with an engine to drive it, is mounted on a wagon, something like a steam fire engine, containing boiler, fuel box and water tank, complete for a night's service. A supply of wire and a number of poles, corresponding to the number of arc lights required, are added to the equipment, which is then drawn by a pair of horses to any desired place. On arriving there the poles are set up where required, and stayed with wires fastened with stakes driven into the ground; the lamps are then hung to them and properly connected, and the engine is set in motion. The lights immediately kindle, and from one to fifty lamps can be operated, according to the power of the machine. As the lamps can be suspended anywhere and are not affected by wind or rain, the advantage of the apparatus to contractors and others who have to carry on night work is apparent.

Professor Edward S. Holden, of California, gives the following information about the comet discovered there June 23d: "Mr. Lueschner, a student in the Lick Observatory, has computed the orbit of the comet. He finds that this faint comet was already past its perihelion when it was discovered. It was nearest to the sun on June 20th. If the brightness of the comet on June 23d be taken as 100, its brightness on June 29th was 92, and on July 12th it will be only 76; so that this this comet, like many others, will never become visible to the naked eye. On June 23d the comet was 101,000,000 miles from the sun and at the same distance from the earth. On July 12 its distance from the sun had increased to 107,000,000 miles, and from the earth to 114,000,000. Its positions were: July 7, R. A., 2 hours 29 minutes north; declination, 45 degrees 11 minutes. July 11, R. A., 2 hours 43 minutes north; declination, 46 degrees 27 minutes. The comet is too faint to allow the use of the spectroscope to analyze its light, so that almost its whole history is given above. I learn by telegraph from Cambridge, Mass., that the comet had not been seen at all in the East up to June 30, on account of cloudy weather, whereas we have been able to observe it regularly here owing to unbroken good weather."

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular, from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgenstock is 1330 feet, and it is 2860 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 metres, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent., which is increased to 58 per cent., after the first 400 metres, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power—electricity—is generated by two dynamos, each of 25-horse power, which are worked by a water wheel of nominally 125-horse power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at 25 per cent.

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A human skull, singularly like the famous Neanderthal skull which so engrossed the attention of archæologists and ethnologists a few years ago, has recently been exhumed from a clay deposit near Podbaba, in the neighborhood of Prague, Bohemia. It is notable for the great flatness of the forehead, the thickened eyebrows, and a remarkably small facial angle, apparently surpassing in this last respect the skull above mentioned. A mammoth's tusk was obtained from the same locality.

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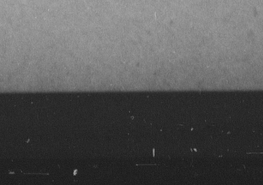

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG. 15.

...LIVAN'S TRIAL.

An Intelligent Jury, Some of Whom Witnessed the Fight.

PURVIS, Miss., Aug. 13.—There was a large crowd present in court when the prize fighters' case came up. Judge Terrill presided. Sullivan and all the accused were present except Pat Duffy, whom the district attorney had accidentally failed to notify, and General Superintendent Carroll, of the ...y. The foreman of the grand ju... is T. R. Wright, a mill owner and merchant, of Poplarville, who was at the fight, and and was injured by the falling of one of the platforms. The jury are an intelligent gathering of men.

After referring to the prevalence of illicit liquor traffic in the county the judge took up the prize fight and said: "The principals and all accessories before or after the act are guilty of a high misdemeanor." The judge went on to say that any fight even without stake or prize was a serious crime. There need not be anger or ill will between the parties to make the fight a crime. The charge occupied about fifteen minutes. One of the grand jury is bondsman for some of the accused.

The grand jury have agreed upon an indictment.

To Postpone Mrs. Maybrick's Reprieve.

LONDON, Aug. 13.—Members of parliament whose relations with the home secretary are intimate, express the belief that he will postpone action in the case of Mrs. Maybrick until the last moment, with the idea that she may confess. This was the course Mr. Matthews pursued in the case of Lipski, and while the whole English nation was howling for his pardon as an innocent man, the murderer very ungratefully confessed his crime and Mr. Matthews was vindicated.

This manoeuvre, however, can hardly be expected to work twice. Mrs. Maybrick has undoubtedly been posted, and if she is guilty will be led to expect a pardon up to the moment she ascends the gallows, and so a confession is hardly among the possibilities. It is learned that Mrs. Maybrick took passage on the steamer Aurania, which sailed for New York Saturday.

Appointments from Bar Harbor.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Aug. 12.—President Harrison has made the following appointments:

Samuel F. Phillips, of North Carolina, commissioner on the part of the United States under the Venezuelan and United States treaty concerning the adjustment of claims.

Charles G. Pope, of Missouri, consul at Toronto.

Mr. Pope is one of the oldest actors in the country and the proprietor of Pope's theatre in St. Louis. His appointment is regarded as a compliment to the theatrical profession.

The United States steamer Dispatch reached here with Secretary Tracy on board, and an hour later the secretary, his daughter, Mrs. Wilmerding, Lieut. and Mrs. Mason and Capt. Cowles called upon the president.

Died in the Dentist's Chair.

MILLVILLE, Pa., Aug. 13.—The funeral of Lois M. Demott, wife of H. J. Demott, proprietor of the Millville Hotel, was held at the Friends' meeting house in this place, and was the largest ever known. Last Thursday Mrs. Demott, accompanied by her husband, went to the neighboring town of Bloomsburg to have some teeth extracted. The dentist administered an anæsthetic. After one tooth had been extracted Mrs. Demott exclaimed: "That pained me so badly I will not have any more teeth extracted now, but will come again." Almost immediately she fell back in the dental chair a corpse. Mrs. Demott was a granddaughter of the late George Masters, and was about 29 years of age.

Francis Joseph's Welcome to Berlin.

BERLIN, Aug. 13.—Francis Joseph's train arrived at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, at which time the Emperor William, Prince Henry and Prince Bismarck were at the station to receive him. He was greeted cordially by all three and was at once driven to the castle by the Theirgarten and Unter den Linden. The route to the castle was lined with troops and the buildings were decorated with flags. Immense crowds turned out to catch a glimpse of the imperial visitor and everywhere the appearance of his carriage was the signal for loud and enthusiastic cheers. Salutes were fired by the artillery stationed at different points along the drive.

Law and Order Pills Five Cents.

HYNDMAN, Pa., Aug. 13.—A Law and Order league was organized a few weeks ago and posted notices in various parts of the town giving warning to violators of the Sunday law. H. R. Hyland, a druggist, in connection with the dispensing of medicine, sells soda water, fruits, candies and cigars on the Sabbath. Sunday he placed upon his cigar case a bottle of pills labeled "law and order pills." He sells the pills for five cents each, and gives away that amount of merchandise with each pill. The organization is at present puzzled, but have procured a lawyer and will test the case.

Steve Brodie Jumps Again.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 9.—Steve Brodie jumped from the Main street bridge into the Pawtucket river at Pawtucket. Sam Patch jumped into this river and Brodie wanted to beat his jump. The river was very high and the current was a strong one. When Brodie came to the surface he was some distance from the bridge. He tried to secure a hold on a large rock which juts out of the water fifty feet below the falls, but the force of the running water carried him away. He gained the shore after swimming 200 yards. He then left for New York.

Says He Saw Roger A. Pryor Desert.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.—A special to The Tribune from Dubuque, Ia., says: A recent statement from Gen. Roger A. Pryor, published in the New York papers, in which he indignantly denies that he deserted from the Confederate army is pronounced untrue by a veteran Union soldier of this city and a member of Hyde Clark post, Grand Army of the Republic. He says he saw Pryor, in full uniform, march up in front of the Union lines and permit himself to be taken prisoner and led to the rear.

A LOGMAN'S R...

He Marries the Maiden Who Saved Him from the Flood.

ON THE SWOLLEN SUSQUEHANNA.

Noble Mary Yerger Braves the Treacherous Current in a Frail Skiff and Rescues the Logman from Certain Death. How a Pig Piloted Through the Flood. Disputes Over the Recovery of Williamsport Logs.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 12.—John Prowley, a young fisherman whose good natured habits have made him popular for many miles along the Susquehanna river, walked into the Perry county court house the other day and asked for a marriage license. His face was not so brown that it did not betray his blushes when he announced the name of his prospective bride, but it was not because she had ever been guilty of a wrongdoing that he flushed. The girl was Mary Yerger, and he was very proud of her. They had lived within ten miles of each other for years, but it was not until the recent great flood in Pennsylvania that they were brought to an acquaintance.

The Log Catcher.

John is a carpenter's son, and he industriously aided his father to provide for a large family by fishing and piloting fishing parties from the big towns around the river. Most of his time was spent along the Susquehanna, near which his parents lived.

When the June flood came, people from all parts of the country hurried to the river to see the sights. Mary Yerger and a boy, son of the farmer with whom she lived, loitered on the water's edge until dusk of the day when the water had reached its highest mark. Few persons had tarried so long, but she and the boy forgot the time while looking out on the swift waters at a boom log catcher. He was standing in a frail skiff, hooking the big booms with a long pole and towing them to land on the opposite side of the river. Boom after boom was thus secured, and he operated with such vigorous regularity that it seemed his strength would soon be exhausted.

Overwhelmed by the Current.

He had just landed one of unusual size which took all his strength, and Mary thought he would rest a while before going out into the troublesome waters again. But he didn't, and wiping the perspiration from his brow with a part of his torn shirt sleeve, he quickly rowed out and was headed toward a large walnut log. Before he reached the coveted prize his boat had been caught between a mass of the booms, which ground it to pieces like a thing of glass. He escaped most miraculously from instant death by climbing over the logs and reaching the water. He tried to swim for the shore, but it was plainly seen that he was too much overcome to get even half the distance. The current was swift, and he was beginning to go down with it.

The Maiden to the Rescue.

Mary Yerger knew that he would drown unless she saved him, for nobody else was in sight. It was a perilous attempt, but she did not hesitate. She was not the kind of a woman to see a human life thus sacrificed without at least an effort to rescue, and with almost superhuman strength she dragged into the water a rowboat that had been pulled up on elevated ground safe from the rising water. When she reached the man he was so nearly exhausted that he could not climb into the boat without her assistance.

It was with a proud satisfaction that John related this circumstance while the clerk was filling out his marriage license. John and Mary are married now, and they expect to get a pretty good start toward housekeeping when the Lumbermen's exchange of Williamsport pays for the logs which John caught.

Prosaic Facts About Logs.

Two hundred million feet of these huge boom logs are now lying along the banks and are covering the islands of the river from Williamsport to the Chesapeake bay. Each log contains the private mark of its owner, and agents of the exchange have been out since the high water receded identifying them and taking account of stock. The "Algerines" and those on whose land the logs lodged when the flood went down, are holding them for the salvage money which an old state law allows. In the courts of all the counties bordering on the river the Lumberman's exchange has entered suits against the persons to recover their property upon the payment of ten cents for each log, but the "Algerines" are making a hard fight against the exchange, on the ground that the law gives them authority to claim fifty cents. In one of the counties 175 log catchers are included in one proceeding, and they have engaged all the lawyers in that county to defend them. In some of the counties the exchange has made amicable settlements, and portable saw mills are now going up at different places along the river to cut the logs into lumber.

Reminiscences of the Flood.

It was a novel sight when the logs came down the river, and they caused untold destruction in their passage. They carried with them bridges, fences houses and barns, and many of the large island farms were so completely covered with the piles of logs that one could not touch his foot on a spot of ground. The owners' marks are branded on them as they are on Mexican ponies and on the ranchmen's cattle.

On Monday following the Saturday when the flood was at its height and after the bridges had been swept away, two big logs came down the river, unmolested in their couse and with as much speed as a steam yacht. At this place thousands of persons lined the banks of the river, but their attention was not especially attracted by the logs until an old riverman called out "There's a pig in there." All eyes turned toward the scene, and sure enough in about the center of the big boom was an old pig pen. The old fisherman's cry was taken up by hundreds of people on the shore, and two young log catchers headed their boat toward the log. When they pulled up alongside of the logs one of the young men jumped over the side of the pen and awakened a big porker from its peaceful slumber. Its loud squealings were heard by those on the bank of the river, and a long and vigorous cheer went up from the multitude. The young men landed both logs and pig about a mile below the point where the riverman started what he thought was a huge joke, and they still hold their prize.

NEWS BREVITIES

The trial of Boulanger commenced in Paris.

The Black Diamond's owner is preparing a claim for damages against the United States.

Miss Maggie Kuhl, of Scranton, Pa., was married on what is believed to be her death bed to William Griffiths.

Four dead bodies were found in Bitter Root valley, Montana, with no further clew to their taking off than bullet holes in their backs.

Secretary Noble passed Friday night in Philadelphia, going thence to Richfield Springs, where he expects to spend several weeks.

In the yacht races at Newport Sea Fox won in the schooner class and Katrina in the sloop class.

The funeral of Felix Pyat, the celebrated Communist, took place at Paris without especial incident.

Fanny Davenport and George Alfred Townsend, known to fame as "Gath," arrived in New York from Europe.

The Fenian leader, John Leonard, is dead in Paris. He was deep in all the mysteries and plots of the order, and was the chief spirit in promoting and directing the operations of the small band of the party of action which had its headquarters at a noted restaurant near the Madeleine.

Policeman Fryer was shot and killed in a street fight in Chicago. Seventy-five policemen pursued his murderer without success.

A thrifty justice of the peace at Farmersburg, Ind., hired a hall and charged 10 cents admission during the progress of an interesting trial.

The postoffice department has been informed that the postoffice at Factoryville, Pa., was broken into and robbed; also that Mrs. Bertha Pickett, a clerk in the Denver postoffice had been arrested for forging a money order.

The Illinois epidemic of dysentery was not so bad as at first reported and is now on the decrease.

On his return from his vacation Postmaster General Wanamaker will consider the question of Sunday postoffice labor in all its different phases.

The testimony in the Flack divorce case shows that "Mrs. Raymond" was the co-respondent, and that her friend, Mrs. Margaret Smith, was the principal witness in the suit, the other being a male friend of the sheriff. The Bar association may investigate Civil Justice Monell.

Jersey City has a medical college which, after nineteen years of existence, graduates its first class of twelve graduates. The board of health will investigate its charter.

The swift action of the quadruple alliance has already caused the cessation of the Servo-Bulgarian war preparations and the Cretan rising.

Bismarck is endeavoring to pursuade Spain to enter the quadruple alliance in order to render France powerless.

Three persons were killed and many injured in a railroad accident on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad near Forest Lawn, N. Y.

A number of experiments with Brown Sequard's elixir of life have been made by many doctors with various degrees of success.

Governors Beaver and Foraker, with a distinguished party, visited the state camp of instruction at Peekskill, N. Y., and reviewed the Twelfth regiment.

The Constellation broke the record in the run of the New York Yacht club fleet from Newport to Martha's Vineyard.

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To Our Neighbors.

The question is often asked by our neighbors "Where I wonder, can I get a pure stimulant?" It is a fact that there is scarcely a roof under which you cannot find a stimulant of some kind. Old people prolong life with it; sick people have it to sustain life; well people may and do use it to make life more enjoyable, but where will we advise our readers to buy it? We learn from the most reliable source that Max Klein is one of the most popular and respected citizens of this country. At his home his word is taken unhesitatingly. To him we can cheerfully recommend our readers for anything in the liquor line. He authorizes us to say that for $1 you can buy one quart of six year old rye, or six quarts for $5. His "Silver Age" at $1.50 per quart is without doubt the best whiskey known. Send for price list and complete catalogue. His address is, Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.—Mention this paper. 15july1y

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PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 12, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 36 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
"	"	Renovo	8 55 a m
"	arr at	Erie	4 05 p m
Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.			
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m
Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.			
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	12 15a m
"	"	Montandon	2 06 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 15 p m
"	"	Kane	9 10 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 57 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	8 50 p m
(Sunday Train.			
WMSPORT EXP	leaves	Philadelphia	5 34 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	9 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	11 03 a m
"	arrives at	Williamsport	11 59 a m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 20 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N	leaves	Renovo	4 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 35 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 37 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.			
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	3 60 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 p m
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 20 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m
Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.			
SOUTHERN EXP	leaves	Williamsport	1 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 30 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.			

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

☞ Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 12
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Picasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.25 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.29 p m, 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 40 p m.

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27	Kidney Disease	.50
28	Nervous Debility	1.00
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32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation	1.00

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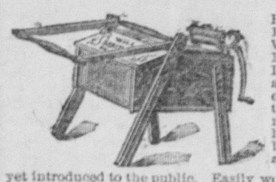

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The foregoing is almost a fallacy, as every week adds new goods to our already large stock.

Seasonable goods at unseasonable prices or more properly speaking at UNREASONABLE prices:

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FALL and WINTER of '89 & '90.

We will out-do ourselves in our effort to please you, both in price, quality and style. You can always find the latest styles, NOT OLD AUCTION TRASH, but

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The Water Lily.

The summer morning opens cool,
A subtle freshness fills the air;
And see! upon the cloistered pool,
The lily opes her bosom there.

Of all the buds and blossoms rare,
No fairer one the eye may bless;
She feels the zephyr's kindly care,
And trembles at his fond caress.

Through all the loathsome mud and slime
She sends her roots to search below,
And undreamed beauties upward climb,
And in her petals throb and glow.

Send down thy rootlets, O my soul!
With darkened lives thy sunlight share,
And seek in miry depth and shoal
God's beauteous image buried there.

So, in some fair, diviner hour,
When risen free from sin and crime,
Thou shalt preserve life's perfect power
Above the sluggish pools of time.

PHANTOMS OF FLEURY.

It was toward the end of August when I paid my first visit to the old chateau de Fleury.

My road, a mere cart track, lay across the plain, between the golden stubble fields that till a few days before had been covered with ripe corn. It was not often that I walked away from the great forest that stretched darkly over the gently swelling hills behind me, but it was late in the afternoon, the shadows already gathered thickly beneath its shade, and I turned involuntarily toward the sun. My walk was solitary. The only people I met were one or two laborers, men and women, returning from their work, who saluted me as they passed with "Bon soir, m'sieu."

The scene was very peaceful; the air was warm and soft, the sinking sun cast his rays gently over the earth; far away, from one of the many villages dotted on the plain, came the sound of the vesper bell, and the land looked very fair. But with its beauty there was also that sadness which will come when summer is giving place to autumn. The earth is at rest. She has brought her wealth of fruit and flowers to perfection, and is taking a breathing space before beginning her winter struggles. Summer is still with her, but he hovers with outstretched wings, ready to answer the voices that call him elsewhere, turning a last tender, loving farewell look upon the land he has so blessed with his presence.

And with this sadness upon me I passed through the old gateway and stood in the great quadrangle. The grass had grown long and the paths were covered with weeds, but it was not quite deserted, for at the well an old man in a blue apron was drawing water. He raised his bucket and, with slow and laborious steps, turned and passed through a little postern gate, the water splashing over as he went. The inclosure in which I stood was formed on three sides by outhouses and stables; on the fourth, facing me, by the dwelling house, forming a second court and separated from the large one by a moat crossed by a drawbridge. The inner court was brilliant with flowers, wasting their sweetness sadly, for there was no one now to open the shuttered windows and come down the terrace steps to wonder at their beauty. And I stood under the great limes by the well and thought of the days gone by, when the chateau had been full of life and gayety, and wondered if such times would ever come again.

Presently I roused myself, and turning to the left I went round to the other side of the house. The moat surrounded it only on three sides; the back, or rather the real front, faced a large lake in a far stretching green park. There was a terrace on this side of the building, too, the steps leading into a beautiful rose garden. The roses were falling now, but the evening air was laden with their scent, and here and there was still a perfect flower. The shadows were lengthening over the water; two or three little islands lay darkly on its surface; the wild luxuriance of the vegetation pointed, no doubt, to the fact that the place very damp, but on this August evening it looked warm and sweet enough.

Presently the sun flung a last bright smile to the tall, stately trees, and touched the weathercocks on the old turrets with gold. The sky became tinged with delicate pale green and rose color, the reflection of the sunset I could not see. For a few minutes the old place was full of soft light, and then the radiance slowly died away and the twilight came on apace.

Still I could not bring myself to leave the spot. I had sunk down upon a moss covered stone among the roses, and was gazing out over the lake. Vague, dreamy thoughts came floating through my brain, and I sat on unconscious of the passing time.

Suddenly I became aware that the light on the picture before me was changing. Mysterious shadows lay upon the grass on the opposite shore of the lake. The islands were floating in a silvery mist. An old boat moored close to me seemed to shine like a fairy skiff, fit for any of those dainty dames of the olden time, of whom I had been dreaming, to take their pleasure in. Clearer and clearer became the light, more fairy like and bright the scene, and when my own shadow grew out of the ground at my feet I turned and, behold, the great golden moon had climbed the heavens and was peeping through the trees to the east. A slight breeze sprang up and rustled their leaves softly. They whispered and bent to one another, and the air was full of their sound. In the center of the lake a fish leapt, breaking the water into a thousand sparkling ripples that eddied to my feet.

At last I rose and turned to go, when I became aware of a startling change in the appearance of the house. It was no longer dark and deserted. The shutters were thrown open. Lights shone from every casement, and figures passed rapidly to and fro. On the ground floor the door windows were wide open on to the terrace, and a stream of light poured forth from each, mingling with the moonlight. Sounds of music floated out to me; not the jingling, rapid airs of our modern dances, but slow and stately measures that brought with them visions of powder and patches, rapiers and lace ruffles. Amazed, I watched for a little time, and then, curiosity getting the better of me, I went up the steps and stood by the center widow. Presently I went in. No one seemed to notice me, and I looked on quietly.

A long broad hall stretched before me, evidently going the whole length of the building. The floor was highly polished and reflected the light of hundreds of wax candles that hung in clusters against silver sconces on the oak walls. At one end was a musicians' gallery, whence came the sounds I had heard. The front of it was festooned with flowers, and flowers were twined round the frames of the family portraits on the walls. There were many portraits, of all periods. Knights in armor, dames in high peaked head dresses, grave statesmen in furred gowns, children playing with dogs and demure maidens in ruffs and farthingales. But my attention soon strayed from the pictures to the figures passing and repassing before me. It was evidently a great and important gathering. The host appeared to be a tall, portly man, his powdered hair tied with black ribbon, a violet satin embroidered coat and fine lace ruffles at throat and wrist. He leaned on a gold-headed cane and tapped a snuff box as he talked. There were crowds of courtly men talking to elegant women, whose eyes glanced all the brighter for their powder and rouge. At one end two couples were gliding through a minuet, with many a bow and sweeping courtesy. As I grew more accustomed to the brilliant scene I seemed to know instinctively who some of the people were. Those old dames on the settee in the corner are kinswomen of the host, and their tongues have not ceased since I came in. No doubt they are discussing some dainty dish of scandal. That tall, stern man moving about with an air of authority must surely be the son and heir.

But there is a couple that more than all the rest excites my curiosity. The man is small and slight and fair; he is dressed in the extreme of fashion, in pale pink satin, with diamond buckles on his shoes. His rapier has a jeweled hilt, and through it is drawn an embroidered handkerchief. He stands near the top of the room, and is evidently a guest of importance, for the host pauses now and again to smile and say a few words, which the young man answers carelessly in a thin, bored voice. His partner is a much more interesting study. She is very young—not more than 17—and has a delicate, fragile look. Her hair is piled loosely on the top of her head, and a blue ribbon runs through it. It is the only bit of color about her. Her white silk sacque falls in full, graceful folds from her shoulders; she holds a drooping cluster of white roses in her hands, which nervously arrange and rearrange the flowers; her face is very colorless, and her deep blue eyes have a strained, nervous look. The two do not seem at ease in each other's company; from time to time the gentleman pays the lady a vapid compliment, to which she responds faintly or not at all.

Now there is a general move toward the top of the room, and the musicians cease. The company gathers round a square oak table; on it are pens, ink and several large sheets of paper. A man in plain black garments, evidently a notary, takes a seat. Father and son stand near each other, and on the farther side the young couple who have so interested me; then I see the likeness between the girl and the two men opposite, and it flashes across my mind that I am assisting at that betrothal scene I had heard of a few days before. The notary begins to read, the document tells of the dower of the bride and the settlements made by the bridegroom, calling forth many exclamations of wonder and sighs of envy from the assembled guests. The father and son listen with stern satisfaction; the bridegroom pretends to pay no attention; the bride, poor little thing, gets paler and more nervous.

Now the reading has come to an end, and amidst the buzz of conversation the host rises and signs the papers. The witnesses on his side follow, then the bridegroom and his witnesses. The notary turns to the bride, and, smiling, offers her the pen. With trembling fingers she takes it, then hesitates. Her great sad eyes are lifted appealingly to her brother, and seeing no hope there she looks at her father, and a piteous murmur that is half a sob breaks from her: "Father!" But no softness comes over the stern face. "It is your turn to sign, my daughter!" is all the response she gets. Despairingly she bends over the table and her name is added to the rest.

The business being over, the ladies crowd round her with congratulations on the splendid match, and surrounded by them she moves away. Presently she begs them to leave her by the window. She feels a little faint, she says, but a few moments' quiet will soon put her right, and they leave her in the deep embrasure. Once alone she rises, and, watching her opportunity, slips out into the night. I, too, step through my window, and see her flit across the terrace in the moonlight. At the foot of the steps a man starts out of the shadow with a "At last, sweetheart!" and catches the slender figure in his arms for a moment. Wrapping a large, dark cloak over her white garments he draws her arm through his and leads her a few steps, when he is stopped by a hand placed suddenly on his shoulder. Turning, he sees the dark face of his lady's brother.

With a cry the girl starts from him and flings herself between the two men. Her brother thrusts her aside. "Stand back! I have to deal with him, not you!" But she clings to him, and, sinking on her knees, promises anything if he will only let her lover go safe. He shakes himself free, and in another moment the clash of swords brings a wondering crowd to the windows. No one interferes or attempts to go to the poor child holding the back of a seat to keep herself upright. Presently a heavy fall and a shriek from the girl tells what the end is. The white figure flies to the prostrate man and the little hands try to lift the heavy head. "Kiss me, sweetheart," murmurs the dying man; "I wished I could have saved you," and then all is still.

For a few minutes no one moves. The lovers lie as if both, instead of one, were dead; the guests gaze at them with pale, scared faced, and midway between the two groups, half way up the steps, father and son speak in a low whisper. The moon sheds her calm, silvery light over all, as she would were the scene she illumined a happy instead of a most tragic one. Suddenly I see the girl lift her head; noiselessly she risss to her knees, then to her feet. The two men on the steps notice nothing, so deep are they in their whispered conference. With a swift, stealthy movement she glides down to the water's edge, and before her father and brother, warned by a cry from their guests, can stop her, she has stepped into a light pleasure boat moored there, and has pushed off into the lake. In vain are the cries to her to return. She floats slowly away in the moonlight, and as a solemn hush comes over the spectators the sound of a low crooned song comes across the water. Then it stops and the white figure rises to its feet, a sobbing cry reaches us, and, with lifted arms and upturned face, it sinks—sinks—and disappears. A scream bursts from some one in the crowd—and the figures vanish.

I was sitting alone among the roses, the old house stood silent and deserted behind me, the crazy boat was quietly moored at the little landing stage, but the moon had disappeared and an owl in the trees near by was sending forth his melancholy cry on the still night air.

The Spirit of Manual Training.

The August number of the "Popular Science Monthly" contains an interesting sketch on manual training. It is by Professor C. H. Henderson, of the Manual Training School in Philadelphia, and contains this paragraph: "It is believed that the specific purpose of education is to cultivate character, to induce sound thinking and to make a necessity of scientific inquiry. Its highest end is ethical. Of great value, but secondary to its supreme purpose, are the skill and the information which should be the natural result of such cultivation. The aim of the school is to prepare for completeness of life. The central thought in its entire organization is always the boy himself, and everything that is done, every study that is taken up, every influence that is brought to bear, has for its sole purpose his development. In this view of its proper function, the school is a purely educational institution, and is industrial only in making use of the tools of industry to accomplish its chosen purpose. The manual work, like work in science and literature, is simply a means of development. It bears the same relation to the process of education that a railway train does to travel. One may select slower modes of approach if he chooses, but, in his delight at the rapid transit, he must not confuse the journey with the end for which the journey is made. Those who hold this view of manual training, watch with sincere regret any encroachment of that spirit which places the inanimate product, however ingenious and beautiful it may be, above the human product. The object of manual training, they believe, is the production of thoughtful, self-reliant, honest men."

Take a cheerful view of everything.

Keep your own secrets if you have any.

Angry charity may prove a boomerang.

Tact is the oil that lubricates society.

TELLING THE WEATHER.

Some Points in Regard to Meteorological Science.

Benjamin Franklin was the first to discover that storms in this country travel from west to east. He was interested in observing an eclipse, and found that while the observations were spoiled in Philadelphia by a rain storm that came on just at the beginning of the eclipse, the sky was clear at Boston until after the eclipse was over. By communicating with intervening towns he learned that the storm traveled eastward at a uniform rate. Simultaneous observations taken in all parts of the country show that nearly all great storms follow the same general direction—from the west to the east. The same is true of cold or hot waves. Therefore, to tell what the weather will be, in advance, we have only to find out the conditions prevailing east of us. This is practically the course pursued by the signal service.

The direction of a storm is frequently diverted by some local cause. A low barometer, or large amount of moisture in the air, attracts a storm, and may either change its course entirely or hasten its advance. The rate at which a storm travels between two points is, in fact, calculated by the gradient or decline of the barometer from one point to the other. When a storm is advancing the wind blows to meet it. Thus a wind blowing from the east or southeast indicates the approach of a storm from the west. When the storm centre has passed, however, the wind changes and follows the storm. If a person has a good barometer and a wind gauge he can tell pretty correctly when a storm is coming. Without the instruments the clouds may be watched, and when seen to be moving rapidly from the southeast, and there are indications of the presence of much moisture in the air, a storm is not far away. The old Scotch saying that

A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight;
A red sky in the morning, shepherds take warning,

is partially true in this country. The red sky in the morning indicates an excess of moisture in the air, and a storm is therefore likely to occur before many days.

The circle around the moon, or lunar rainbow, shows the presence of moisture in the air. Moisture at a high altitude produces a large bow and at a low altitude a small bow. The smaller the bow therefore the nearer the moisture and consequently the sooner will the storm develop. The old saying that the number of stars to be seen inside of the circle indicates the number of days before the arrival of the storm is not reliable, as the position of the moon in the heavens may make the number great or small without regard to the storm conditions. All attempts at predicting the weather for months in advance are mere guess-work. Such superstitions as trying to fortell the severity of a winter by the thickness of the breastbone of the goose or the fur of animals originated in some obscure quarter and are not worth the circulation and attention that they receive.

Rewards and Methods of Literary Workers.

There is so much written at this time about literature and literary work, that the comments of T. W. Higginson will be read with interest: "If it be said that literary people must live, and that literature is a precarious means of support, the obvious reply would be that all means of income are precarious and literatuse no more than the rest. Whatever employment one chooses he must take the risk of failure in it. Many a lawyer has literally almost no clients; many a physician has hardly any patients; and why should a writer expect to be more secure? His possible prizes in money are not so great as the lawyers, probably, but they are greater than those of the physician or the clergyman; and the blanks are less, on the whole, than in either of these professions who are absolutely unemployed. A lawyer of unusual attainments, returning in middle life to the home of his youth, told me that for one year he had not a single client, great or small; he did not so much as draw a will or a deed. I have never known a decently equipped literary man or woman to be left thus hopelessly stranded; there was always something to be earned—even at a low price. Apparently the bitterest of these complaints emanate from literary men in large cities who live face to face with the vast successes of the Stock Exchange, and cannot be satisfied so long as the nation does not furnish them with corresponding incomes. They do not furnish them with corresponding incomes. They do not recognize that perhaps it is poverty which has drawn out of them whatever approach to genius they have shown; and that if they gained the millions which they seem to themselves to deserve, perhaps the genius might vanish, like the song of a canary which is fed too well." The methods of literary productions are an interesting study, apart from their results. Many original and profound thinkers cannot work in the midst of a noise. Antiquity furnishes innumberable instances where light was considered an obstacle to the action of the mind. In Plutarch's time time they showed a subterraneous place of study built by Demosthenes, where he often stayed continuously for two or three months at a time. Malebranche darkened his apartment whenever he wrote. Lord Chesterfield, acting on the same principle, advised that his pupil whose attention was diverted by every passing object—should be instructed in a darkened apartment. But then we come to Haydn, who would never sit down to compose without being in full dress, with his great diamond ring on his finger, and the finest paper lying near upon which to copy his musical compositions. When Rousseau was writing his celebraled romance he was curiously inspired by some rose-colored knots of ribbon that tied his portfolio, and also with his elegant paper and brilliant ink, while Cumberland's liveliest comedy, "The West Indian," was purposely written in an unfurnished room, close in front of an Irish turf stack, because brilliant rooms and pleasant prospects distracted his attention. For 50 years a secluded, naked apartment, with only a desk, a chair and a sheet of paper, was the study of Buffon. Wolf, the German metaphysician, resolved his algebraic problems in bed and in darkness. Poets, we are told, in all ages of the world, have conceived their best work in the silence of night.

A Learned Judge's Sentences.

In sentencing a prisoner convicted of stealing from his employer Sergeant Arabin thus addressed him: "Prisoner at the bar, if ever there was a clearer case than this of a man robbing his master this case is that case." Having to pass judgment on a middle-aged man, who, convicted upon three indictments, had pleaded guilty to more, Arabin said: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty on several indictments, and it is in my power to subject you to transportation for a period very considerably beyond the term of your natural life, but the Court, in its mercy, will not go so far as it lawfully might go, and the sentence is that you be transported for two periods of seven years each." In sentencing a man to a comparatively light punishment he used these words: "Prisoner at the bar, there are mitigating circumstances in this case that induce me to take a lenient view of it, and I will therefore give you a chance of redeeming a character that you have irretrievably lost." He once said to a witness: "My good man, don't go gabbling on so. Hold your tongue and answer the question that is put to you."

The Comfortably Miserable Woman.

BY WM. PERRY BROWN.

The comfortably miserable woman—paradoxical—you may say, yet how often we meet with her.

Sometimes she is a wife. Her life has been a series of small martyrdoms, that in her own mind fully entitle her to an heroic niche in the temple of endurance. In childhood she sacrificed herself to her parents. She was dutiful, considerate and highly decorem—with a sort of sunday-school perfection surrounding her like a halo, and should have died young in order to early illuminate heaven with her cherubic presence. In marriage she sacrificed herself to her husband, his relatives, his children. Upon the connubial altar she laid down high prospects, ambitious parental hopes and her life of maidenly ease and freedom. In one way or another she has been sacrificing something ever since. Nobody ever will or can know all she endures for the sake of the man of her choice. He was poor, she accepted poverty for his sake; he had a mother who would live with her son, she bore that infliction with saintly resignation; she denied herself society because of home duties, yet no one gives her credit; she has injured her health by assuming burdens that should have fallen upon other shoulders; and so on runs the perpetual drip until the ear wearies. Yet a faint hope cheers her soul. After she is gone, husband, children, relatives, friends, will all discover what a domestic pearl their swinish understandings have so long neglected, and in heaven—she hopes—her reward will not be withheld.

But perhaps she is a spinster, though quite as comfortable in sounding the necessary variations upon the melancholy chord to which her lonely life is attained. In her youth what marriages she could have made. There was A who was handsome, B who was rich, C who was distinguished, D, E, F, each superlatively characterized by some desirable trait, and yet she would have none of them, though each was supposed to be willing to lay himself and his excellence at her feet. Why? She must sacrifice herself to her parents, who could not bear to part with her; or to orphaned sisters and brothers who demanded her care; or in any one of half a dozen other ways equally noble and self immolative. The perpetual matyrdom of single blessedness is the result. Yet she has her reward, in the very egotism of her complaint and the world's respondent sympathy.

There are other phases of the comfortably miserable woman, but they are all apt to be different variations of the same tune. As a rule they eat well, sleep well, talk well, dress well, and in their plaintive way enjoy life perhaps better than half of those who attain the fate which self martyrdom has denied to themselves. Apart from these ante-biographical fancies, the comfortably miserable woman is apt to be a pleasing and attractive person. She merely has her weakness and is often the better for it, which is more than can be said of many other kinds of affliction.

There is doubtless the comfortably miserable man—her masculine counterpart—with his mother-in-law, his expensive or slovenly wife, his business vexations, his liver, and his private growlery for the expense of every body else's shortcomings but his own. But we leave his portraiture to the mercy of the feminine pen. The ladies will understand him—if we do not—and compress him into quite as small a size martyr as his strict deserts admit of, even if it requires a magnifying glass to then discern them.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

In all promised pleasures put self last.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Perform your good deeds in the right spirit.

A moment of time is too precious to waste.

Moral strength is the highest kind of health.

Most great works are accomplished slowly.

A ragged colt may make a good horse.

Trust in God and mind your own business.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Always speak the truth. Make few promises.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Even the worst people have some good left in them.

The web of human fortunes is woven for eternity.

Wit is folly, unless a wise man has the keeping of it.

The road is long from the intention to the completion.

Two things instruct man in regard to his whole nature—instinct and experience.

More miles can be made in a day by going steady than by stopping.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot to, simply because it is fashionable.

Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand.

So great is the sweetness of glory that one loves whatever things it is attached to, even death.

Silence is as strong as the soul, and there is no tempest so wild with blasts but has a wilder lull.

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room.

All principles cover small affairs. It does not follow that a scruple is contemptible, because its object is diminutive. Is the principle of the microscope contemptible?

Nature and revelation are alike God's books. Each may have mysteries, but in each there are plain, practical lessons for every-day duty.

Modesty is a kind of shame or shyness proceeding from the sense a man has of his own defects compared with the perfections of him whom he comes before.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you would become wise as that they should become recognized as teachers of wisdom.

The delights of thought, of truth, of work, and of well doing will not descend upon us like the dew upon the flower without effort of our own. Labor, perseverance, self-denial, fortitude, watchfulness, are the elements of which this kind of joy is formed.

This life is like a bale of silk on a loom, that winds itself up as fast as it is woven. You do not know what the figure is until it has been taken off and unrolled; then you begin to see what it is. This life weaves; the other life reveals.

Nothing seems much clearer than the natural direction of charity. Would we all but relieve according to the measure of our means, those objects immediately within the range of our personal knowledge, how much of the worst evil of poverty might be alleviated.

Nothing can be done right and efficiently without order and system, from the boiling of an egg to the management of the heaviest business or enterprise. There is a routine even in our daily personal habits. He is considered a safe man whom you always know where to find.

Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and if anybody reports you not to be an honest man, let your practice give him the lie; and to make all sure, you should resolve to live no longer than you can live honestly; for it is better to be nothing than a knave.

It is not the flesh, nor the eye, nor the life which are forbidden, but it is the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. It is not this earth nor the men who inhabit it, nor the sphere of our legitimate activity that we love, but the way in which the love is given, which constitutes worldliness.

If many married women were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own homes as they are in the company of their neighbors, they would have the happiest homes in the world, and there would not be so many unhappy marriages in the world.

Literature is one of the most powerful instruments for forming character, for giving us men and women armed with reason, braced by knowledge, clothed with steadfastness and courage, and inspired by that public spirit and virtue of which it has been well said that they are the brightest ornaments of the mind of man.

REDUCED TO ASHES.

SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, VISITED BY FIRE.

TWENTY-FIVE BLOCKS AND THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS DESTROYED.

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T., Aug. 6th.—Twenty-five blocks were reduced to ashes. The estimated loss is $14,000,000.

Owing to a lack of water the fire quickly spread, and was soon beyond control, and it was evident the city was doomed. The flames spread with fearful rapidity. The firemen were powerless. Attempts were made to check the fire by blowing up buildings in its path, but it was useless. From the Pacific Hotel the fire swept across First street to the frame buildings in the next block, and soon reached the heart of the city. The block of two-story brick buildings on Riverside avenue was easily carried away.

From here the fire communicated to the magnificent Hyde block, a four-story building, tsking in the whole square between Mill and Howard streets, on Riverside avenue. The fire next leaped across Howard street, and in a few minutes the block between Howard and Stevens street was a mass of red hot ashes. The next structure to succumb was the large Tult block. From these the conflagration went whirling through the solid block of four-story brick buildings, including the post-office, between Stevens and Washington streets. At this point the fire burned out from lack of material.

From the place of origin the fire had, meanwhile, taken another direction, leaping across Sprague street to the opera house and thence over Riverside avenue to Brown's Bank; then both sides of the avenue were in flames. The buildings between Post and Mill streets were quickly licked up, including the Grand Hotel. From here the waves of a flame poured in the adjoining square on the right, containing the Frankfort block, the largest building in the city. The Frankfort cost $250,000. It withstood the fire for some time, but finally disappeared.

The Arlington Hotel was now enveloped in flames. Suddenly a man was seen to jump from the second story. He arose and started to run down Howard street, but was overcome by the heat and fell. Several people rushed to his assistance and carried him to a place of safety. He was a pitiable sight, having been literally roasted alive, the skin peeling off all over his body. The unfortunate man's name was Chas. Davis. He died at noon to-day.

Northward was the direction taken by the fire from the Arlington. It consumed the block between Howard, Main, Front and Stevens streets, burning east as far as the latter thoroughfare, when a vacant lot checked further progress in that direction. Everything in a northerly direction, including the Northern Pacific Express office, the Union block and the Windsor Hotel was soon a mass of flame.

The river prevented the fire from doing further damage, and was the means of saving all the big flouring and lumber mills. Three hours sufficed to complete the awful destruction. The only business block left standing in the city is the Crescent Building, which was saved by means of tearing down intervening buildings.

Owing to the rapidity with which the fire spread scarcely anything was saved. Provisions are scarce, and will last only a short time.

The business district of Spokane was in a strip between the North Pacific Railroad tracks and the Spokane river. This strip was five squares across, and extended about seven squares in length. It was solidly built up with brick and stone structures, the cost of which varied from $25,000 to $125,000. Ten banking houses, five hotels, the opera house and many wholesale establishments, doing a business estimated at half a million dollars each, were situated within the district described. The population of the city is about 20,000. The city possessed an excellent water works, modelled after the Holly system, with a capacity of 9,000,000 gallons daily. There were no fire engines, but by the system in use five or six good sized streams of water could be concentrated upon any block in case of fire. The fire department was a volunteer one.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Madison, Ind., was the scene of two tragedies on the evening of the 5th. William Johnson fired at Miss Sadie Athey, because she refused to marry him, but fortunately missed her, and then, thinking he had killed her, blew his own brains out. Richard Sisco was shot and killed by George Schlick. The latter wounded several others and cut the throat of and dangerously wounded Walter Sisco, who tried to arrest him. At Ensley City, Alabama, on the evening of the 5th, Andy Williams went home and, finding William McCutcheon with his wife, killed them both with a revolver. At Princeton, Ky., on the evening of the 5th, John Hutchins shot and fatally wounded George and Albert Lewis, brothers. A stray shot by Hutchins also fatally wounded Frank Dunn. All the men were farmers, and the shooting was the result of an old feud. At the close of a colored barbers' picnic at Island Park, near Chicago, on the 5th, Colonel Duncan shot and killed Ed. Bennett, because he thought he had insulted Mrs. Duncan. Bennett's friends pursued Duncan and riddled him with bullets, besides cutting and kicking the prostrate body. Duncan died during the night.

—Benjamin Erb, a farmer, of Cottsville, Ohio, was instantly killed on the 5th, by the accidental discharge of a gun with which he was about to go squirrel shooting. The weapon was discharged by Erb's two-year-old son, who was bidding his father good-by. Mrs. Christina Warfel, of Jeffersonville, Ind., was fatally burned on the evening of the 5th by an explosion of coal oil with which she was starting a fire. A freight train on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad ran into a construction train at Eldred, Pa., on the 6th, and injured three Italian laborers, one fatally, besides causing a bad wreck. A freight train and two locomotives on the Omaha and Republican Valley branch of the Union Pacific Railway, near Weston, Neb., went through a bridge which had been weakened by the heavy rain. Engineer Mitchell and Yard Master Conklin were fatally injured, and three other train men were badly hurt.

—A staging on which were four men at work on a building on Freemont street, Boston, fell 70 feet to the ground on the afternoon of the 6th. Patrick E. White and Steve Wallace were killed, and Patrick Connolly and Michael Wallace severely injured. The accident was caused by the breaking of a rope. John Steele and George Kemly, of Conshohocken, fell from the Pennsylvania bridge at Stickler, Pa., early on the morning of the 6th, and sustained fatal injuries. Philip Dougherty, an engineer, was killed at Bechtelsville, Berks county, Pa., on the 6th, being caught in belting and drawn between two massive rollers. Thomas A. Edison's new invention, an iron ore separator, was being tested. Ollie Martin and Maud Saylors, a betrothed couple, of Brownsville, Ind., were drowned on the evening of the 4th, while tryihg to ford the Whitewater river, with a horse and buggy.

—A despatch from Utica, N. Y., says that hop vines of that vicinity have been seriously injured by the blight, and that in many of the late varieties the crop will not pay for picking.

—A telegram from Geneva, New York, says that Professor Brooks observed his new comet on the morning of the 6th, and found it much brighter and the tail longer. While observing it a brilliant telescopic meteor passed directly over the head of the comet, leaving a fine trail of sparks, lasting several seconds. The comet's position now is right ascension, 0 hours, 6 minutes, 20 seconds, declination south, 6 degrees, 48 minutes.

—Harry Moyer on the evening of the 5th shot and killed James McCormack, who entered his tent at Johnstown, Penna., and began to abuse him. Moyer is from Norristown, and McCormack, who was a tramp, was from Philadelphia. At Harlan Court House, Kentucky, on the 5th, an old feud between the Turners and the Sowders-Howard faction was revived, by several of the Howards demanding of young "Jim" Turner that he leave the State. Turner refused, and one of the Howards shot him dead.

—A heavy storm of wind, rain, hail and thunder passed over the northern section of Rockbridge county, Virginia, on the evening of the 5th, doing great damage. The wheat and grass crops have been almost totally destroyed by the continuous rains. A tornado passed over Kansas City, Mo., on the morning of the 6th, but did little damage in the city. It was followed by a severe electrical storm and by torrents of rain.

—Two explosions occurred on the 7th at Kensington Gardens, St. Louis, where the "Siege of Sebastopol" is being produced. While Richard Lightner and John Smith were making rockets or "flower pots," to be used in the pyrotechnic display, a small explosion took place, and Lightner was burned about the face, neck and hands. A moment later some chemicals used in making the rockets exploded, and one end of the little building, in which the men worked, was blown out, and John Smith was badly, perhaps fatally, burned. William Hartley and a man named Mahler were sleeping in a barn at Sterling, Nebraska, on the 7th when it was struck by lightning and set on fire. Hartley was burned to death and Mahler only escaped after being terribly burned.

—An explosion of naphtha occurred at East Buffalo, on the afternoon of the 7th, on the steam yacht Cedar Ridge, which was about to start on a pleasure trip down the river. Edith and Larney Crocker were burned to death, Howard Crocker was drowned, and John Rubenstein, a carpenter, was burned to death by his boat house taken fire from the yacht. Three other persons were injured. Two trains on the Richmond and Allegheny Railroad collided near Scottsville, Virginia, on the morning of the 7th. Both engines and about 15 empty coal cars were smashed, and James D. Duval, a train man, was killed. Two trains collided at Washington, Penna., on the evening of the 7th. Rev. J. D. Shanks, of Philadelphia, and a lady passenger were painfully but not dangerously injured.

—A heavy rain fell in the country around Washington during the evening of the 6th. Great damage was done in Virginia, especially along the Washington and Ohio Railroad. There is one bad washout between Falls Church and Torrisons, Virginia, about 300 feet in extent, and a bridge between Falls Church and West End was also damaged. No trains passed these points on the 7th, and the clerks in the Executive Department and others who do business in Washington and live at the villages along the road were unable to reach the city except by means of carriages. All the streams in Virginia are greatly swollen, and much damage has been done to crops by overflows.

—J. Frank Collom, a young attorney of Minneapolis, has confessed to the forgery of the name of John T. Blaisdell, whose attorney he was, to notes and other paper amounting to $227,000.

—A report comes from Denver, Colorado, that the Rio Grande Western train, known as the Modoc, was "held up" by train robbers near Crevasse on the evening of the 6th. They forced the fireman to attempt to chop through the door of the express car but, as he was unable to force the boiler iron door, they gave it up, and went through the train with drawn revolvers and collected $900 and twenty watches.

—Francis Lyshen, 79 years of age, was run over and killed by cars in the Stanton mine, at Wilkesbarre, on the 7th.

—John Richter and Adolph Whitman, butchers, quarrelled at the stock yard in Chicago, on the 7th, and Richter plunged his knife into Whitman's heart, killing him instantly. John McCann, a teamster, was shot in Chicago, on the 6th, by his stepson, James Dolan, receiving injuries of which he died on the 7th.

—A freight wreck on the Nickle-plate road at South Whitley, Ind., on the 8th, resulted from the breaking of couplings and the subsequent collision of the sections. John Randall and Thomas Foyle, who were stealing rides, were killed. Arthur Thomas, aged 18, fell from a canoe and was drowned in the Harlem river, at New York, on the 8th. Frederick Wurtz was drowned while bathing in the East river, and Joseph M. Ouilet while bathing at Bay Ridge. Eugene Dearn and a friend, whose name was not ascertained, were drowned in the bay at San Diego, California, on the 7th, by the capsizing of their boat. A 32-pound cannon loaded with ball was fired at Yartmouth, N. S., on the 7th, by parties who did not know it was loaded and who were trying to get the ball out of the breech. The missile passed through several walls and killed James Cosman.

—The Wisconsin Central passenger train from Chicago on the morning of the 8th, was "held up and robbed," between Chippewa Falls and Abbottsford, by one man. The robber entered one of the sleeping cars and relieved the porter, conductor and one passenger, of their valuables. The porter tried to arouse the passengers, but a shot from the robber quieted him, though he was not hit. The fellow pulled the bell rope, and when the train stopped he jumped off and escaped. While a camp meeting was in progress at Willow Branch, on the Red river, north of Bonham, Texas, a party of men rode up and began firing into the congregation. A panic followed, and some of the men in the congregation returned the fire. For a while a regular battle ensued. The cause of the attack is not known. The preacher finished his sermon strongly guarded.

—G. P. Brown, of the embarrassed firm of Brown, Steese & Clark, of Boston, and treasurer of the Riverside and Oswego Mills Company, left Boston on the evening of the 6th, since which time nothing has been heard of him. Sheriff E. C. Swain, of Paulding county, Ohio, has been found to be short in his accounts to the amount of over $2000. His bondsman asked to be released, but Swain resigned. John W. Hardee, for five years a probate Judge of Towner county, Dakota, has disappeared, leaving a large indebtedness, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest. John H. Gale, lately clerk in the post office at Plimpton, Ohio, was arrested at Canton, in that State, on the 7th, for tampering with the registered mail.

—The finding of the dead bodies of "Ollie" Jones, his wife and two other persons, all of whom had been shot in the back, was reported on the 7th from Corvallis, a small town in the Bitter Root valley, in Western Montana. A young girl who had been shot in the hip was also found in Big Hole Mountain. Jones had only been married three weeks and was on his way to his ranch.

—A Chicago despatch says that there have been from 150 to 175 cases of typhoid fever on Cottage Grove avenue, between Thirty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets, that city. The epidemic is attributed to the pollution of the city water, caused by the recent heavy rains carrying the sewerage out to the source of supply in the lake. Thus far the cases reported have been of a mild type.

—Mail advices from Japan, received in San Francisco, say that about 100 persons were drowned and 12,000 houses washed away, and about 2500 acres of cultivated land seriously damaged in four of the seven cantons, which suffered most from the overflowing of the river Chikugo, in Fukuokaken, by the recent heavy rains. Relief funds have been started in various parts of the Empire.

—Three more bodies have been taken out of the ruins near the lower end of Johnstown. One was that of a little girl, and was found in the middle of Market street.

—Rich deposits of petroleum have been discovered in Tabasco, Mexico. Valuble coal mines have been found in the State of Guerrero.

—Steve Brodie jumped from a bridge 80 feet in height over the Pawtucket Falls, Rhode Island, on the morning of the 8th, and, although he struck on his side, was apparently uninjured and able to swim to the shore.

—Horsemen of both branches of the turf will learn with regret of the death of J. H. Fenton, head of the great horse goods house of J. H. Fenton in Chicago.

—It is proposed by Mr. P. Lorillard and a few others to inclose Jerome Park with glass, light it with electricity, and use it for winter racing at night. The scheme is believed to be feasible, and estimates and plans have been contracted for. It may be made the interest of the American Jockey Club to carry out the project. The extension of the elevated railroad, the Harlem turn-out, will carry people to the grounds from the centre of the city in thirty minutes.

No one has such a need of varied knowledge and accomplishments as a wife and mother. A mother ought to keep growing mentally—she is expected, by her children, to be a perfect encyclopedia to draw from. She who gives up her reading and interest in living questions of the day loses half her proper self.

A MODERN INSTANCE.—"Madam, are you a woman suffragist?"

"No, sir; I haven't time to be."

"Aaven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband."

WILLIE LEE.

His name was Willie Lee, but no one thought of calling him Willie except his sister. Willie was poor and homely. His hair was what might be called a blue white, his eyes were pale and without expression, and he was altogether a very plain person. He and his sister Mary had a little house in the outskirts of the city near the car barns. His close promoxity to the barns doubtless was what led him to think he would become a car conductor. At any rate, he did become one, and Mary, as she used to be weeding in her little garden beside the street, would look up and see him pass and say to herself:

"Now, don't he just look fine with those blue clothes and brass buttons?"

His sister's eyes could not see that the navy blue of the clothes painfully brought out the sickly pallor of his face and made his sleepy eyes dimmer. To her he was handsome and the uniform made him handsomer. Mary was partial to uniforms. There was a policeman in that suburb for whom she had the greatest regard, and in the evening when she would go out to watch for Willie's car going by on its last trip the policeman used to come and hang over the gate and she would tell him what a good boy Willie was.

The men at the barns did not know much about Willie. He never met at their gatherings in the office and stables and sung and danced and joked as the others did. Half of them did not know his name, but the timekeeper said his car was always on time and the nickels he turned in were always right in number.

Willie's passengers did not like him either. They said he opened and left open the door in winter and shut it in the heat of summer. He made them sit close on the seats, and gravest offense of all he would make the men go inside the car when there was room instead of standing on the rear platform in a crowd. All this served to make him unpopular, still he never violated a rule of the company, and the keenest "spotter" could never have reported him for a single misdemeanor.

Willie did not like girls. He used to say to Mary, "Girls are a nuisance. I wouldn't let one of them get on my car if I could help it." There was no use trying to get up a flirtation with Willie, he was adamant. A neighbor, rosy cheeked Rachel Moore, had loved Willie ever since they were children and played in the dust of the road before the city had moved down to them. Willie liked Rachel, too, after a fashion, very much as he loved Mary, but he never thought of marrying her or anyone else. Mary used to say to him, "Willie, suppose I should die, what would you do for a housekeeper?" Mary didn't think of dying, she was thinking of the policeman, and Willie would answer, "Don't talk about such absurd things, Mary." That was all the satisfaction she ever received.

Yet it was through a girl that Willie's life was changed. How these women do change our lives, some in one way and some in another! Willie was superstitious. He said he was unlucky every time he ran on car No. 113. A man had shot himself in it once, and another had fallen off the front platform and broken his leg, and Willie was always having trouble when he was on it.

One February day car 113 started from the barn at its usual hour with Willie Lee as conductor. Everything went on well all day and Willie was flattering himself that he was going to escape ill luck for once, but she lurks around us when we are least conscious of her presence. It was nearly night and a rain set in, a rain that froze to everything and made the track very slippery. A young lady who often went down on Willie's car asked to be left off at the avenue and Willie rang the bell.

She stepped off, but as fate would have it another car was coming from the opposite direction, the track was slippery, a new driver was managing the brake, and instead of stopping, as is the usual etiquette in such a case, the car came on. Willie standing on the step took in the situation at a glance, and though he was always slow he made this the exception. He jumped from the car and almost threw the girl from the track just in time to save her, but he slipped and fell and was ground under the horses' feet and the cruel wheels. Then the car stopped and the passengers crowded out and around him.

"Is he dead, O! is he dead?" cried the girl whom he had saved, and she knelt down beside him, took off his cap and brushed the damp hair back from his forehead.

"No, he is not dead, said a policeman, Mary's policeman, who happened for once to be where he was needed. "He lives just below here. We will carry him to the house." They picked him up and carried him gently into the little cottage. Mary was overcome with fright and would have fainted had not "Teddie" been there to assure her that Willie was all right, "only hurt a bit."

The next day the young lady whom Willie had saved came down in her carriage to see how he was. She swept in through Mary's little kitchen like a queen, and Rachel, who was sitting on the step of the back door, looked at her in amazement; at the long sealskin cloak and the diamonds in her ears. "My ain't she grand?" she said to herself. "I wonder if Willie knew her before? I wonder if he would have jumped right in front of two great big horses and a car if I had been in her place?" Jealous little Rachel! Of course he would have done it just the same had the person been the lowest of the lowly.

Day after Helen Carpenter came to inquire after "the brave fellow," as she called him, and when he began to get better she brought him flowers and hot house fruit and all sorts of things that he could not eat, and would not have dared to had he wanted them. She brought him books, too, and read to him by the hour stuff that he did not hear. He did not care for books, but he liked to look at her as she sat by his bedside reading. He liked to hear the tone of her voice and smell the perfume of the violets she always wore, and after a while her daily visit was what he lived for and looked forward to. When it grew warmer he began to sit up by the window in an easy chair she had sent from her own home, and she would come and sit on a stool at his feet and talk with him about herself and her daily life until she made him her abject slave and he loved her with a love that only such people have who have never loved before.

She was the light of his life and he forgot that he was poor and homely, a thing he had never forgotten before, that she was as high above him as the heavens are above the earth. When he held her little jeweled hand in his as she sometimes allowed him to do, he would have been willing to have died for her a thousand times over.

Rachel was entirely forgotten. She would come in sometimes to see him, but he would always be sleepy or watching for Helen and would not talk to her. One day Mary saw her eyes filled with tears, and she put her arm around her. "Don't cry, Rachel; he will see the light by and by," she said, and Rachel broke down and sobbed, "I used to think he cared for me, but he don't now."

One day Mary said to him, "Willie, I don't think you treat Rachel just right," but he never heard her. Willie was a long time getting well. Another man had taken his car, but the superintendent said he was at liberty to go back any time when he was able. The policeman, too, was in a hurry for Willie to get well. Mary had promised him that the friendship begun last year over the onion beds should terminate in a happy wedding, and he had been scanning intently the house hunters' directory for a suitable place to put his bride just as soon as she would consent to become his.

One day Willie made up his mind to tell Helen when she came again just how much he loved her, and when she came in and sat down at his feet and looked at him with her great liquid dark eyes, full of tender solicitude, and asked him how he was, he took her hand and attempted to speak, but could not.

"You are weak yet, aren't you, Mr. Lee? How angry you ought to be with me for having been the cause of all your trouble. But you'll hurry up and get well by Easter, won't you?" And she childishly laid her cheek against the hand she held. "Do you know I am going to be married on Easter Monday, and I want you to come to my wedding."

"Go to her wedding! Go to her wedding!" He said it over to himself, then the room grew dark and everything seemed uncertain, and he fainted.

"It is warm and he is still so weak, and I suppose I talked him to death," she said to Mary, who came in answer to her alarmed calling.

Mary was quick-witted and she knew pretty nearly what had happened, and she told "Teddie" all about it that evening and said she loved Willie, of course, but she thought he had treated Rachel badly, and may be this would be a lesson to him.

For several days Willie was too weak to sit up again in the easy chair. He seemed helpless and unconcerned as to whether he got well or not. Helen had not been to see him since the night he fainted. She was busy with her wedding preparations and just stopped at the gate one day to ask if he was better and wondered if Mary thought he could come to her wedding.

"No, I do not think he can go," Mary said, and she said it coldly, and Helen did not come again.

If was the day of Helen's wedding, Willie heard the carriages roll past on the pavement and he turned his face to the wall and the tears came into his eyes, that had been strangers to tears for years. Rachel had brought in a bouquet of Easter flowers and placed them on his table. There were violets among them; everything to remind him of her. Just in the dusk of evening Rachel herself came in. She paused a moment at the door to see if he was asleep, and as his eyes were closed she concluded that he was. She sat down on the low stool and as her face was partially turned away from him Willie opened his eyes and looked at her slyly.

He never thought Rachel pretty before. In fact, he had never thought much about her, but now, as she sat between him and the fading light he noted the roundness of her cheek, her white throat, and the pretty curls of brown hair around her face and neck.

"I wonder if she would do just as Helen did had she been in her place," he said to himself. "Would she ever come here and make me love her and then have cruelly told me she was going to be married? Yes, I suppose she would, women are all alike, couquettes, every one of them."

Rachel was thinking over her life, and by some strange, unexplainable mesmeric sympathy Willie's mind went back over the past too. What a friend she had always been to him and Mary, and how bravely she had fought her own battle of life thus far. "She is a noble little woman," he said to himself, "and I wish I was worthy of her." Then the clock struck and Rachel started up. She drew a half sighing breath, paused a moment, then stooped over him and lightly touched her lips with his. Before he was aware what he was doing he had passed his arm around her neck and pressed her head to his breast. "Do you then love me, little Rachel?"

They say love is eloquent by whomever spoken, and Willie was certainly eloquent. The love that was shut up in his heart all turned and told itself seemingly without his aid to Rachel, and when Mary came in she found them sitting hand in hand, a new sweet light in their faces.

When the June roses blossom there will be a double wedding in the little cottage and "Teddie" and Willie will both be happy. Willie has gone back to his car. He says he likes the road and likes the work, and blesses the day that good fortune came to him through misfortune.—Katherine Hartman in Dansville Advertiser

Take a few beets, parsnips and carrots, cut away the others, leaving a space around each, and allow them to remain for seed.

—The veteran trainer and driver, Isaac Woodruff, has left Point Breeze track and gone to live with a friend on a stock farm at Massey, Kent county, Md., pbout twenty miles from Baltimore.

FASHION NOTES.

What are the facts and probabilities in regard to these very plain and scanty dresses? It is not that the exaggeration of style will soon lead to very different fashions.

Twenty years after crinoline became pronounced very straight dresses were worn. So to-day after the exaggerated "*tournure*" a return is made to scanty costumes. Some still cling to two double springs and a small cushion, there are others who will have nothing and dress themselves closely like shut parasols.

Fashion truly resembles an army captain who persues his terrible work without care for the victims who fall about him. In the same manner fashion pursues its way without regard for the industries that it suddenly stops. What has become of these tournures of all shapes, these springs of which so much was made and which fashion suddenly discards without a thought? Never mind, it is not our business to say adieu to things that have disappeared but to welcome the coming of the new. Let us praise then the grace of our new costumes with their straight skirts round waists of a style somewhat strange but very charming. Gauze draperies, embroidered guipure and black lace are the most approved trimming for these new forms. There are also wide passementeries made like the "*Richelieu*" guipure with its thick embroidery in relief and the heavy weaving of its flowers; upon tulle robes the effect is very pretty. A very pretty dress in Greek tulle has no drapery except on the front the entire length of which is trimmed with elegant embroidery.

Upon dresses of light color in China crepe in batiste in "*colienne*" much black lace is used as insertion placed flat. For example a rose colored batiste was trimmed on the bottom of the narrow skirt, upon the slight drapery of the back was two bands of insertion of Chantilly not more than two and one half inches wide. The corsage was gathered around a yoke, but what a yoke! made of a great flounce of black plaited tulle extending from the neck to the shoulders. The sleeves "*a l Italienie*" had the puff of batiste and the plain part in plaited black tulle with small undersleeves of lace.

A charming novelty is a dress of Greek or Tosca tulle over a light color.

We have seen one over corn color which was very effective. Black tulle and red surah were the exact counterparts of each other, the same narrow skirt and round waist gathered in front and back for trimming a small collar and a jabot of plaited tulle.

There is also fancy tulle which has a tropical elegance. A robe that was remarkable was in black tulle with lozenges in green silk which were larger than a five Franc piece.

Particularly pretty is the tulle embroidered with small or large peas. While we are speaking of tulle let us say to many who have asked us, that Greek or Tosca tulle, in silk, is not durable, it is better not to use it for dresses. It tears and pulls off in the seams. The prettiest of all these tulles is, in our opinion, Greek tulle embroidered with little flies like "*point d' esprit.*" We will mention a very straight dress of this tulle. On the bottom is a flounce of tulle trimmed with nine rows of narrow satin ribbon.

Recamier corsage puffed sleeves, close below the elbow, with satin ribbon the length of the plain part. At the waist a small girdle of black Surah with a puff upon the left side. The hat which was worn with this dress was pretty as a dream. It was a broad brimmed yellow straw, of lace straw insertion and plain straw the lining a flounce of "*point d' esprit*" tulle falling over the border and two knots of velvet ribbon, velvet ribbon was used for strings. We promised a sketch of the jacket "*Lesdiguiere*" which is very fashionable. A very pretty one is in grass-green cloth embroidered with black braid, the sleeves are of "*faille*" and the collar of velvet. There are other models entirely of cloth with sleeves completely covered with braid others are elaborately embroidered and still others are simply stitched. Whatever may be the trimming the form is always the same, long fronts and the sleeves very full and very high.

We have also seen a costume of Nile blue Bengaline simply trimmed with a scarf of lace, this passes around the bottom of the waist and ends in two long pieces finished with passementerie. Lace scarfs that are gracefully called Marie Antoinette are the most elegant mantles of the season, they are arranged in many different ways as fancy or caprice may dictate. Sometimes as the scarf of "*Monsieur le Maire*" such as we have first described, falling in two long ends, which relieves the plainness of a round skirt. Sometimes it is as a scarf negligently thrown over the waist which admirably solves the problem of every summer, of wearing something about the waist without the trouble of a heavy outside garment. The scarf "*Marie Antoinette*" is as light as a feather, a pin is sufficient to hold it in its place and one cannot be embarrassed with it. Another ingenious use of the scarf is a covering for the head. For theatres, balls, promenades in the parks or by the sea-shore, one can no more think of the padded hood or even those of simple Surah, they are too warm. The "*Marie Antoinette*" scarf simply gathered under a bow, has the great advantage of covering the head, shoulders and even the chest, it is large enough to be drawn over the eyes and so make a sure, elegant and convenient cover for the prettiest heads. All who see these scarfs immediately accord to them their favor and declare them to be a necessity to complete a summer wardrobe.

A large grain of truth, wrapped up in nonsense, writes a Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*, was the reply of a Chicago girl, while here, to a Boston paper asking of her a fashion letter: "Dress," she wrote, "why it all depends on the way you swing it." This jeu d' esprit went the rounds of the French press, and although it was found an Americanism untranslatable, nevertheless was it admitted that she had caught and caged the Parisienne's greatest charm. The English woman cannot "swing it," at all, the American "swings it" pretty well, but the swinging of a Frenchwoman is a poem.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG. 15.

"THE RACKET."

Chas. B. Rouss,
Wholesale Dry Goods,
New York City.
July 1, '89.

To the Public:

We desire to say that G. R. Spigelmeyer has the exclusive sale of our goods in his town; his resident buyer has his headquarters with us, and is given first choice of every bargain we receive. Our arrangement with this firm is that he obligates himself to sell at one, small, uniform profit on all goods we sell him—no "baits," no misrepresentation, no overcharging, and no crediting to anybody.

(Signed) *C. B. ROUSS.*

The above explains itself. I am now in position to serve my friends in Penns and Brush Vallies, better than ever. When in Bellefonte call to see me.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

— Three good men: The nominees on the Democratic county ticket.

——Dr. J. W. Rhoads, of Houtzdale, died Friday morning, aged 59 years.

——A Canton boy did not know the shot gun was loaded and killed his sister.

— Wm. Thompson, of College township, is a Republican candidate for associate judge.

——Butter has slid up to 14 in price; it ever was a slippery article, and at times a little strong too.

——Rev. John F. Moyer, of Hummelstown, has been elected pastor of the Bellefonte Reformed charge.

——W. I. Fleming, of Bellefonte, and Guyer Mattern, of Patton, are asking for the Republican nomination for prothonotary.

— -A. L. Katherman has a nice lot of stock at his green grocery. Melons, cabbage, sweet potatoes, and all vegetables and fruits in season he keeps on hand fresh and solid.

——Spring Mills will have a gala day next Saturday. A fire company from Bellefonte and several bands will be present. A special will return to Bellefonte in the evening.

——The weather was quite fine for four or five days until Tuesday evening, when rain set in and continued all night, raining heavily all the time, followed by more showers on Wednesday.

——Our ball club had expected to play a return game with the Rebersburg club last Saturday, but the weather not being propitious it was postponed. The game will be played before long on the latter's ground.

——On an average there have been two bodies found every day during the past week at Johnstown. There are undoubtedly a great many more in the cellars all over town, and at the present rate of cleaning up they will not all be exhumed this year.

— Lawrence Brown, of Bellefonte, has sold his grain and coal business to Edward Rhoads, son of Judge Rhoades, who is well acquainted with the business having served as head clerk for Mr. Brown for a number of years. Success to you Edward.

——Rev. Leisenring, pastor of the Lewisburg Lutheran charge, with his family, is spending the heated term at Meyer's hotel. Bro Leisenring has been summering in our town for several years, and seems to be pleased with the place and its hotel. HOWLEY

——The colored boy Willis, belonging to the REPORTER shanty, won the wheelbarrow race, at the Linden Hall festival, last Saturday and got the prize, a slappen big watermelon, and he at once proceeded to set up the melon for the boys. He reports getting lots of kisses from the girls in playing ring tag.

——Wash Loneberger bought a sack of salt with which to dose the Canada thistles that have invaded and rooted themselves in his part of the kingdom. Mr. Loneberger thinks salting them one of the sure exterminators, by keeping up the dose. He does not know where his thistles came from but they are there all the same.

— At McCoy & Linn's iron works, Milesbury, John Kline, an employee, was at work as usual, on Thursday last, apparently quite well. Weary and overheated, he sat for a moment on a wheelbarrow, when he suddenly fell to the ground a corpse. The physicians say his death was caused by heart disease. Mr. Kline leaves a wife and a large family.

——A Centre Haller's first attempt at bass fishing is given by Will Kurtz, now in Somerset county, as follows: Was out bass fishing in the river below us, at Garret. There were seven of us in the crowd besides two men from Connellsville. I caught 15, four of them were large. It is fully as much fun as trout fishing, but when you hook a big bass you have to work a couple of minutes with them before you can get them out of the water. I used my trout tackle which is plenty heavy enough.

——The farmers of York County are anxious regarding the safety of their cattle because of the buffalo fly having made its appearance in the county. This fly is smaller the common house fly, and is blacker in color, and gathers about the root of the horns and eats away the flesh, penetrating into the soft parts of the horn. This causes intense suffering to the animals, especially as they gather in swarms. In one section of the county cattle have died from the evil workings of the little pest.

Clerical Stampede.

The ministers of the various Centre Hall charges seem to be on a stampede all of a sudden, with their vision on new fields of labor. Rev. Land, of the Reformed charge, a short time ago, surprised his flock by reading his resignation, having accepted a call at Meadville to which place he soon after moved. Rev. Fischer, of the Lutheran charge two weeks ago announced to his members that he had a unanimous call from the Bloomsburg charge which he felt he should accept if the charge here could be reconciled to his leaving. Last Sabbath Rev. Kerr, of the Presbyterian church, also announced from his pulpit that he had accepted a call from far off Dakota, and would sever his relatiohs with his people here.

Lightning does strike more than once in the same place, in spite of the adage to the contrary.

These pastors all are in perfect harmony with their flocks—the Reformed people were satisfied with their shepherd; the Lutherans have no fault to find with their pastor and hold him in great esteem, and our Presbyterian brethern were pleased with their pastor; the dominies aforesaid reciprocate the feelings of their flocks and are pleased with the neighborhood. But, like the children of Israel, who insisted upon having a king, when all was well enough with them, they insist upon going, while the prophet and seer saith stay. Will none heed his voice? if so, then may it be well with them, and with the people over whom they shall rule and may those among whom they dwelt again have shepherds whom they will have cause to love and cherish as they did these of whom we write.

A Sudden Death.

The following are the particulars of a sudden death which occurred at Philipsburg on Friday last. On Wednesday the 9 months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCaulley died in that place, the cause of death being cholera infantum. Mr. McCaulley is superintendent of R. B. Wigton & Co.'s store and brick work, which are located at Steiner's, and for several days past he had been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism. The funeral of his child took place on Friday afternoon, and it was attended by Mr. McCaulley, notwithstanding the counsel of a number of his friends. Just before the carriage occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McCaulley entered the gate of the cemetery grounds the animal attached to the vehicle just behind them became freightened at something and ran around them. This must have alarmed Mr. McCaulley, for while speaking to his wife and telling her not to be afraid she noticed his head falling forward on his breast, and, becoming alarmed, assistance was called and the gentleman was taken from the carriage and placed upon the ground, the vehicle by this time having passed within the limits of the cemetery. Here everything was done to resuscitate him but without avail. He leaves a wife and several children.

Relief Paid.

The Millheim relief committee publish a report of their disbursements in the *Journal* as follows:

M. C. Gephart, for books	$ 1 00
A. Walter, agent, team hire	2 00
Mrs. Anna Albright	20 00
Dennis Luse	15 00
H. W. Laney	5 00
H. W. Bollinger	20 00
Mrs. George Peters	50 00
Mrs. Sarah Harter	20 00
H. M. Swartz	40 00
John Alter property	10 00
J. W. Adams	10 00
Jacob Eisenhuth	50 00
S. Weiser, Jr	5 00
Jos. Swanger	25 00
Jesse Kreamer	12 50
Ilgen Musser	50 00
D. H. Mingle property	10 00
H. H. Weiser	10 00
A. A. Miller	5 00
P. H. Musser	12 50
Walter Buck	10 00
A. C. Musser	10 00
Charles Grimes	10 00
Michael Ulrich	10 00
D. P. Rishel	7 50
R. H. Kreamer	5 00
W. H. Reifsnyder	49 16
Balance	
	$489 66

Religious.

Rev. Leisenring, of Lewisburg, will preach in the Lutheran church of this place, next Sabbath morning.

Last Sabbath thore was quarterly meeting in the M. E. church of this place.

Rev. Kerr, Presbyterian minister in this place, has resigned and accepted a call from Dakota, where he had a charge previous to his coming to Centre Hall, several years ago.

Mr Kerr's going from here will be regretted by all his members and others; the state of his health obliges him to accept a charge in which the pastor's labors are lighter than in his present one.

Reunion.

A reunion of the John Smith family was held in the Seven Mountains, last Saturday. Mr. Smith is dead, and was a former resident of Bellefonte. His widow, aged 70 years, was present, and her home is at Reedsville. She is a sister of Daniel and Benjamin Roush, of Miles township. Mr. Adam Hazel, of Spring township, with his family, are closely in the freindschaft, and were present. About 25 belonging to the connection were present, with 15 others absent who had also been expected. The folks had a pleasant time and all enjoyed themselves.

Canada Thistles.

Squire Houseman, of Tusseyville, informs us that he has used the following remedy for Canada thistles repeatedly and has not known it fail. He recommends applying coal tar to the stalk. Cut the stalk off and put the tar on the stump, and the weed dies off. It is a cheap and effective remedy and our farmers whose land is afflicted with the weed should give this a trial.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent. below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

Centre Hall Mills.

Fine granulated corn meal and No. 1 rye flour, at the Centre Hall mills. Also all grades of flour, feed, bran, cracked corn, hard and soft coal, etc. Terms cash, or in exchange.

Local Briefs.

——Murray's Vanilla—best—cheapest try it.

——Wm. K. Alexander, of Millheim, thinks of moving to Denver, Col.

——Extract of Vanilla, wholesale and retail, at Murray's.

——For sale—A good store stand, address, Jacob Strohm, Tusseyville, Pa.

——New oats has sold in some parts of the county at 20 cents per bushel.

——The very latest market reports are, corn and oats ½ cent lower and eggs advancing.

——Street commissioner Floray has relaid the crossing at the Evangelical church.

——Merchants Harter & Lose, of Rebersburg, lost a $200 horse by blood poisoning.

——Murray's Extract of Vanilla is far cheaper and preeminently superior to any other make.

——Campbell's grist mill, near Millheim, badly damaged by the flood, is being put in repair again.

——Evenings, and mornings are cool, and soon the katydids will open their evening concerts.

——A Union Sunday School picnic was held in Royer's grove, in Brush Valley, on Saturday last.

——Mr. and Mrs. D. Hess, of Linden Hall, spent last week at Osceola, visiting their daughter, Mrs. Heims.

——John Kline, an employe at McCoy & Linn's iron works at Milesburg, suddenly dropped dead on Thursday.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Local markets, wheat, 85, red; white, 82; corn, 40; oats, 26 to 28 for old; new oats, 23; rye 40; butter, 14; eggs 10.

——The Reformed Sunday School of Bellefonte railroaded up Buffalo Run on its annual pic-nic, last Thursday and had an enjoyable time.

——Pic-nics and festivals are all the go now, and the young 'uns and some of the old 'uns are taking them in for all they are worth.

——Two large stables belonging to the Logan Iron and Steel company, at Logan, were burned on Monday. They were filled with hay.

——The Reformed Sunday School will hold a basket picnic in the Fort woods, next Saturday to which all other schools are invited to participate.

——George Washington Schoch, of the Mifflinburg *Telegraph*, has been appointed postmaster at Mifflinburg. A good appointment and well deserved.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing and gents furnishing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the busy place now. Bargains is what draws the people.

——Mr. John Krider, of Gatesburg, Centre county, died at that place. He was born on the 20th of June, 1801, and was aged 88 years, 1 month and 19 days.

——Robert Duncan and family, formerly of Spring Mills, have left Orlando, Florida, after several years' residence there, and have made Philipsburg, this county, their future home.

——If you want employment and are "energetic" and "no liar," read the advertisement of H. W. Foster & Co., of Geneva, N. Y., headed "Wanted, Reliable, Energetic Men." They are a reliable firm.

——Lewins beats the state for large assortment of men and boy's clothing—and he beats the world and all clothing stores in it for low prices. There's where you save from $3 to $8 on a suit of clothes.

——Immediately after Wednesday afternoon's rain there was a rise in the river at Clearfield of twelve feet. If other streams along the Susquehanna were similarly affected we may hear of a big flood,

——The hop crop in New York is small, and prices will probably take a jump, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. In Centre County the "hop crop" is largest in winter, and the price is uniform, being $1.00 for lady and gent.

— In spite of all competition Lewins continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——Samuel Bubb writes to the Williamsport Gazette to say that he has slain a 36-foot serpent in Mosquito Valley. The REPORTER would like to have Samuel tell how much apple jack a fellow must take to see a 36-footer.

——What the Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing, i not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw. Lewins is King for low prices.

——The pride of Allensville, Mifflin county, is an onion raised by Grandmother Lytle which measures 11½ inches in circumference. We thought we smelled something strong over here in Centre county when the wind blew from the direction of Mifflin.

——All that desire bargains in boots or shoes, go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, which is the place to get anything in that line at lowest prices and every article warranted, or money refunded, if not found as represented. Mingle keeps none but firs class goods.

——A picnic will be held at the celebrated Penns Cave on Saturday Aug. 24. The Zion and several other bands will be present to furnish music. Meals will be served for 25 cts at the Hotel. No huckster stands allowed without permission of proprietor. Everybody invited.

——A game of ball between the married and single men of the town will be played next Saturday afternoon, and will attract no little crowd, but the single men will stand no show at all, as the married man is oftener at the home than the single man.

——All the New Woolens for the coming season now being received. Liberal discount for early orders during the dull season. Our Fall stock will be the finest ever shown. *Prices and a good fit guaranteed.* MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

——United States Commissioner McDevitt, of Sunbury came to Williamsport on Tuesday, to render his decision in the case of George Kiefer, charging the publishers of the Grit with sending obscene news matter through the mails. Having received a letter from United States District Attorney Walter Lyon, of Pittsburg, recommending their dismissal, the commissioner discharged the three defendants from their bail piece, and they go free upon that charge.

Personal.

—C. P. Hewes, of Bellefonte, was in town on Tuesday.

—Miss Annie Mingle is visiting in Union county.

—Mr. Jacob Strohm, of Tusseyville, is among those who favored us with a call.

—Mr. Sam. Long, of Penn Cave Hotel, accompanied by his son, was in town on Monday.

—Mrs. Dela Brumgard, of Lock Haven is visiting at H. W. Kreamer's, in this place.

—Miss Chestie Tibbens, of Farmers Mills, has gone to Bellefonte to remain two weeks.

—Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Altee, of Tyrone, are visiting at the residence of 'Squire Boal.

—Mrs. James Herring, of Altoona, is here visiting her mother, Mrs. Arney, and other relatives.

—Samuel Gingerich, of Woodward, was up over Sunday—guess there is some one that attracts Samuel.

—Elocutionist George Bible and his charming wife and prattling baby, were visiting at Father Bible's this week.

—Miss Hattie Teed, of Williamsport, is spending several weeks, with her friend, Miss Anna Dinges, at this place.

—Mrs. Jon. Harter, of Millheim, and her daughter, Mrs. Kurzenknabe, of Harrisburg, were visiting friends in this section this week.

—Misses Lillie Rubby, of Columbia, Pa., and Carrie Noll, of Bellefonte, visited Miss Carrie Tibbens, at Farmers Mills, last week.

—Misses Lydia Harris, Kittie Martin, and Lulu Harper, of Bellefonte, after visiting all places of interest and "mashing" our boys, left on Friday for their homes.

—Miss Carrie Tibbens, one of the most interesting of Farmers Mills' handsome young ladies will take in some of the enjoyment and pleasures of the Williamsgrove picnic.

—Miss Houtz, of Williamsport, is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. A. L. Katherman, in this place. The ladies called at our office and watched the process of type setting on Tuesday.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

An Incident of the Great Flood

Father Trautwein, of Cambria City, just this side of Johnstown, relates the following incident: He was standing on the bridge on that awful Saturday succeeding the flood and witnessed the attempt of workmen to remove a Miss Clark from the wreck. They had removed the debris from her head and body as far as exposed, but still she could not be liberated. The flames were approaching, and Father Trautwein administered the sacrament of the Church to the poor unfortunate, who believed that she must certainly perish. In desperation one man dived beneath the water and endeavored to free her, when he found her one heel held in a vise-like grip by a human hand. The muscles were set in death and it seemed that the unfortunate girl could not be freed from their awful clasp. An ax was procured and the hand severed from the arm, when Miss Clark was taken out. Both her legs were broken, but she was taken to the hospital and is getting along nicely. The men then went to work and finally succeeded in getting out the body to which the hand belonged. Strange to relate, it was that of Miss Clark's grandfather, and it was his hand that had almost dragged her to an awful death.

GRAPES FOR HEALTH.

The use of ripe grapes for dinner is an incalculable benefit to the human system, and the Pure Grape Juice, properly preserved, is invaluable for weakly persons and invalids. The Port Grape Wine and the Grape Juice preserved from his own vineyards, by Alfred Speer of New Jersey, is pronounced by the leading medical experts to be the most reliable to be obtained. To use the Unfermented Grape Juice is just like eating the ripe sweet grape.

Married.

On the 1st, by Rev. W. H. Stover, George H. Zerby, of Pine Grove, Schuylkill co., Pa., and Mollie J. Stoner, of Millheim.

On the 19th of May 1889, by Rev. D. M. Wolf, Mr. Israel C. Spayd, of Madisonburg and Miss Maggie L. Ream, of Farmers Mills.

NO MAN NEED BE IDLE.

The subscription books published by Faulkner & Allan, of Philadelphia, have proved exceptionally popular and profitable for agents. An announcement by them of a new work, invariably brings a great number of applications for territory from agents who are eager for opportunities to make "big money."—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Reunion of Co. E.

The reunion of Co. E. 45th P. V. Reg't will be held in the Baileyville Grove Sept. 3rd at ten o'clock a. m. at which time and place all surviving members are requested to attend. A cordial invitation is also extended to all surviving soldiers of other commands; a hearty welcome is extended to all.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

NEW MUSIC.

"Robin's Farewell," Caprice for Piano, by Fisher. This new piece is really well named; it is a composition entirely out of the usual run; it is characteristic and charming. Instead of giving a full description of it we would advise all our musical friends to get a copy. Without exception it is the most popular composition Fisher has ever written.—Price 50 cts. Ign. Fischer, Publisher, Toledo, O.

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists.

A Bushel of Snakes.

About one week ago, John Puff, who is tenant on Uriah Osman's farm, about two miles west of town, and Sam. Meyers, started from Mr. Puff's home, which is close to the mountains, for a walk through part of it, taking along a small target gun. When they had gone some distance and had climbed a very rocky and steep declivity, they sat down for a few moments' rest on a large bowlder, and while seated there noticed a large copperhead snake near them, which they promptly shot. Immediately from all around them the serpents began to creep away, the report of the gun no doubt having disturbed a settlement of them enjoying a siesta, and the gentlemen began to work the gun. When they stopped and no snakes were in sight and had escaped them, they counted seventeen dead sarpints which they had killed, and a great many got away from them. They immediately made tracks away from the place, being sickened by the fumes of the poison of the snakes. Many of them were very large and several rattlers were among them. The gentlemen say they are not at all willing to have the experience repeated very soon.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre Co., there will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of Jacob Shaffer, dec'd, in Gregg Twp., 1 mile north of Penn Hall, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1889,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., the Real Estate of said Jacob Shaffer, dec'd., bounded and described as follows: On the South by public road and lands of Daniel Bartges; on the East by lands of John Stoner, on the North by lands of Daniel Bartges, and on the West by lands of John Bartges' Heirs and Francis Gramley, containing about

95 ACRES,

more or less. Thereon erected a 2-story Dwelling house, bank barn, a good summer house, and necessary outbuildings. Plenty of best spring water at the buildings. A large orchard with the best fruit, different varieties. About 50 acres under cultivation, balance well timbered with prop and split timber.

Terms of sale: 1-3 on confirmation of sale; 1-3 in one year, and the balance in two years, all with interest from day of confirmation of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bonds and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Adm'r. of dec'd.

AGENTS WANTED | TO SELL AN | ENTIRELY NEW BOOK

The most wonderful collection of practical, real value and every day use for the people ever published on the globe. A marvel of money saving and money earning for every one owning it. Thousands of beautiful, helpful engravings, showing just how to do everything. No competition; nothing like it in the universe. When you select that which is of true value, sales are sure. All sincerely desiring paying employment and looking for something thoroughly first class at an extraordinary low price, should write for description and terms on the most remarkable achievement in book making since the world began.

SCAMMEL & CO., Box 5003.
25July6m. St. Louis or Philadelphia.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE AUDITOR appointed to hear and pass upon exceptions to the first separate account of B. F. Arney, one of the executors of Jacob Arney, late of Potter Township, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1889, at ten o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

D. F. FORTNEY,
aug8t Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Sarah J. Beck, late of Harris township, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. BECK,
lang6t Adm'r., Boalsburg, Pa.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots as well as all parts of the city, are easily accesible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducement to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited
JOS. M. FEGER, Propr tor

MILL NOTICE.

The Centre Hall mill is now ready to take in custom work and exchange flour and bran grists, and will constantly keep on hand Cream and Calla Lily flour for sale at wholesale and retail.

For chopping the mill will be ready about July 24. Corn chopped in the ear or otherwise, and all kinds of feed manufactured. Arrangements have been made for grinding rye flour and granulated and other fine grades of corn meal.

Wheat and all kinds of grain wanted and highest prices paid for same.

Coal, hard, soft and Woodland, will be constantly on hand.

TERMS CASH.

The business of the mill will be done upon the cash principle. 1. Because our recent heavy loss by fire obliges us to it and to drop the credit system in order to keep the mill in successful operation—our friends will see the force of this, and we trust will sustain us in it. 2. Because the cash system is the only sound business principle. 3. Because we are required to pay cash for all stock kept on hand.

We will be pleased to see our old customers at the old stand and many new ones.

KURTZ & SON.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.

The undersigned appointed Assignee of Daniel Bartges, of Gregg township, Centre county, will offer at public sale, on

——MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1889,——

At the Spring Mills hotel, at 10 a. m., the following described real estate, or tracts of land, viz:

TRACT NO. 1.

One thereof, bounded on the north by land of Jacob Neese, on the east by land of George Krape, on the south by land of S. M. Long et al, and on the west by lands of S. M. Long et al, containing 159 ACRES, more or less.

TRACT NO. 2.

One other thereof, bounded on the north by lands of Reynolds and McNitt; on the east by lands of Reynolds, Ross, et al; on the south by lands of Daniel Krape, et al; and on the west by lands of James H. Runkle, containing 10 ACRES, be the same more or less.

TRACT NO. 3.

Also the undivided one-half of tract of land bounded on the north by the street in the village of Spring Mills; on the east by an alley; on the south by an alley; and on the west by land of Peter D. Auman, containing ¾ of an ACRE, be the same more or less.

TRACT NO. 4.

Also the undivided one-half of tract bounded on the north by lands of Samuel Crawford, Daniel Ripka, et al; on the east by lands of Daniel Ripka, John McCool, et al; on the south by lands of Jacob Breon, John Meyers; and on the west by lands of Samuel Harter, containing 195 ACRES, be the same more or less.

TRACT NO. 5.

Also the undivided one-half of tract bounded on the north by land of M. H. Guise; on the east by lands of Daniel Kennelly, et al; on the south by lands of James G. Evans and John Coldron; and on the west by "Egg Hill" timber lands, containing 200 ACRES, be the same more or less.

Terms of Sale:—⅓ of the purchase money to be paid in cash; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, or judgment notes. If deemed to the best interests of the estate, any of the premises may be sold in smaller pieces. In such case return to be accompanied by drafts.

Also at same time and place, the timber on 20 ACRES of land, more or less, on farm lying north of Penn Hall. Terms on same, cash or its equivalent on confirmation of sale.

SAMUEL J. HERRING,
Assignee of Daniel Bartges.

LEGAL NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the following accounts have been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Centre County, and will be presented at the next term of Court for confirmation:

The account of Dr. P. T. Musser, Assignee of Jacob W. Snook, in trust for the benefit of creditors.

The first and partial account of C. M. Bower Committee of Margery C. Wilson, lunatic.

The account of Daniel Irwin, Committee of Joseph Kelso, lunatic. L. A. SCHAEFFER,
Bellefonte, Aug. 5, 1889. Prothonotary.

WANTED RELIABLE, ENERGETIC MEN AS SALESMEN.

Truthful men,—No liars wanted. New blood—no old scaly agents, that can't maintain a place with a reliable firm. Experience not required. We can make a good salesman of any pushing, active man. Salary and expenses, (or commission.) Stock guaranteed pure.

H. W. FOSTER & CO., Nurserymen,
1a3t Box C., Geneva, New York.

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Comeand see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.

McCORMICK BROS. | McCORMICK BROS

CENTRE CENTRE | HALL HALL | PA. PA.

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Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits,
Side Boards, Lounges, Tables,
Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs

Undertaking a Specialty.

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A LEADING, POPULAR, PRACTICAL COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

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